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THE FLAG OF HOLLAND.

THE PLAN BOOK SERIES

A LITTLE JOURNEY

TO

HOLLAND

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL, INTERMEDIATE
AND UPPER GRADES

BY

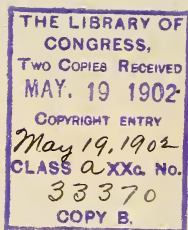
IDA M. DEAN

AND

MARIAN M. GEORGE

CHICAGO

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A Little Journey to Holland.

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"What land is this that seems to be
A mingling of the land and sea?
This land of sluices, dykes and dunes?
This water-net, that tessellates
The landscape? this unending maze
Of gardens, through whose latticed gates
The imprisoned pinks and tulips gaze,
Where in long summer afternoons
The sunshine, softened by the haze,
Comes streaming down as through a screen.

* * * * *

"And overall and everywhere
The sails of windmills sink and soar
Like wings of sea gulls on the shore?"

Keramos.

Would you like now to visit the bravest, queerest little country that our big sun looks down upon? Then find your umbrellas and rubbers, for this new country is a boggy, foggy land, where it often rains and one's feet are always damp.

The climate is moist, changeable and disagreeable. It is pleasantest to visit this tiny kingdom in the winter or summer.

During the autumn and spring, a great part of the country looks like a large lake, dotted over with little patches of marshy land. So low is this odd country that it is called Holland from the words hollow and land.

Another name given to it is the Netherlands. The word nether means low. (Place your finger on your

nether lip.) When we join the word nether to land we get Netherlands, and this one word describes Holland as the lowest country of all Europe. For much of Holland is below the level of the sea.



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Perhaps you have read, how, in the olden days, men had to conquer savages and wild beasts before they could build homes in new countries; and how, in

some places, it was necessary to build great strong walls about a city or a country to protect it from the enemy.

But the plucky people of Holland have fought not only man, but the sea, for the right to the country they call theirs. Indeed, we may say, that much of the land was stolen from the sea. Where some of the finest meadows are to-day the sea once tossed her waves. How was the sea thus conquered, do you ask? Simply by watching for the opportunity to seize it, bit by bit.

At low tide, when the sea was off guard, men would place a row of stones as far out from the shore as they could, then another row would be added, and so they continued until a great wall was reared, over which the sea could not climb. The wall is called a *dyke*.

The land taken from the sea, and thus enclosed by a dyke, is called a polder. In this way, many very valuable pieces of land have been added to the country.

The soil of the polder is very fertile and when cultivated, produces a most luxuriant yield.

THE DYKES OF HOLLAND.

The dykes of Holland are really wonderful. They not only stretch along the sea coast for miles and miles, but into the interior of the country to keep rivers and lakes from spreading over the land.

The great dykes are built of compact earth and clay, faced with stone and cement. Huge stone buttresses, built of granite brought from Norway, project away out into the sea, and give additional strength. Where the strain is greatest, the dykes are further protected by heavy timbers and plankings of oak.

The dykes are not only high but wide. So broad are they that on the top there is a level surface with a fine driveway, lined with beautiful trees, fine buildings and the ever-useful windmill.

It is very interesting to watch from one side of the dyke the vessels floating by. Frequently the keel of the boat is on a level with the roadway, while masts



THE COAST OF HOLLAND.

and sails rise above one. Then by walking to the opposite side of the dyke one can look down upon meadows, dotted with many black and white cattle grazing; or, perhaps, a happy group of bare-footed children sailing bits of wood, making believe that they are vessels going to the United States. Again we look down upon the roofs of houses. What a temptation to a mischievous boy or girl to let something drop down the chimney! Not a pebble though, for Holland has no stones except those brought from other countries.

To the Hollander, every wave of the sea, as it beats itself against the dyke, seems to roar, "The land is mine, mine, mine!" And every receding wave moans, "I want it back, want it, want it back!"

Well does the Hollander realize that if he is at all neglectful, the sea will win its own again. So continually is the sea gnawing and eating its way through stone and cement, that it is necessary, in dangerous places, to keep sentinels on duty night and day. These men watch the dykes for the tiniest leak, for so strong and mighty is the sea, that if it but gets the chance to force itself through the tiniest hole, it takes but a short time to change it to a large one.

The greatest time of danger is in the spring of the year, when the ice is breaking up; then there is always the fear that the great blocks of ice, floating slowly down the rivers and lakes, to join the ocean, will become jammed, and cause the waters to swell and overflow.

In times of danger, an alarm bell is rung. Then everyone within hearing distance rushes to the rescue, ready to work with might and main. One of the commonest modes of defence is placing against the embankments huge mats made of straw.

Does it not seem strange that so frail a thing as straw can defeat the savage sea?

Whenever a terrible storm rages, the first thought is whether the dykes will hold! The Hollander shudders as he thinks of the terrible losses his little country has met with, from King Sea. Every wave is a fierce soldier, who hesitates not to storm the strongest wall reared by earthly hands. From the past, before so much

care was taken to guard and protect the dykes, he knows how flood after flood swept the land, turning it into a boiling, roaring sea, devouring cities, undermining houses and filling the water with the helpless bodies of thousands of men, women and children, forcing even the grave yards to give up their dead, entangling cattle, horses and masts of ships in the tree tops, washing villages and towns completely away. Every child in Holland, as soon as he can understand anything, is taught the meaning of those five simple but awful words, "*A Leak in the Dyke.*"

And children in every part of this little country, are fond of hearing of the little boy, who by his bravery saved his country from a great loss.

THE LEAK IN THE DYKE.

Many years ago there lived in Holland a little boy named Peter. His home was near the sea, and his father watched the gates in the dykes and opened and closed them for the ships to pass from the canals to the sea.

One afternoon his mother sent him on an errand out in the country on the other side of the dyke. On his return he noticed water forcing its way through a small hole in the dyke.

Little as the boy was he realized at once the danger that threatened the land. If the hole was not stopped at once it would soon become a very large one and the country would be flooded.

There was but one thing that he could do, and that was to keep the water back with his own hand. So he sat down by the wall and thrust his hand into the hole.

Then he called for help, again and again, but no one came to his aid. Darker and darker, colder and colder grew the night. He shivered not only from the cold but from fear. His little hand began to ache, the pain

crept up his arm, soon his whole body became numb.

All that long, long night this brave little fellow, who dreaded to walk through the woods after dark, held the sea back with his little hand. Not till daylight did help come. Then they found him true to his post, sick, faint, too weak to stand or utter a sound. Strong hands cared for



A HOLIDAY.

the dyke, while little Peter was tenderly carried home. As they neared his house a glad shout went up.

"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land
And God has saved his life!"

Holland has many heroes, but none greater or more loved than little eight year old Peter.

HOW TO GO.

Are you ready now, for a long tour through this interesting land of dykes?

If so, look at your map of the United States and select the best route that will take you to Hoboken, a town in New Jersey, just opposite New York City. Make your way to the pier of the Holland-American

line and take passage on the first steamer that sails, as all these vessels go direct to Holland. The steamers of this line are named after a city or river of Holland and all end in dam. Pronounce this syllable as though the spelling was o instead of a.

One vessel is named Amsterdam, another Rotterdam, another Maasdam,



OUT FOR A STROLL.

Statendam, Spaarndam, and yet another Potsdam.

The word dam added to the name of a river, at once tells us of a city that owes its origin or foundation to the dam built in the river.

As we approach Holland we see that it is literally a hollow land. This little country, not much larger than our Maryland, resembles a great sponge, sometimes dry but more frequently saturated with water.

So wet, soft and marshy are the fields that even the horses wear a wide piece of wood attached to each hoof to keep them from sinking in the mud.

So marshy is the earth that even the houses stand on stilts. Before building, great care must be taken to sink long, wooden piles away down deep, very deep, into the earth.

Fields are separated by ditches and ponds. Water is plentiful, but land is scarce, so that it receives the utmost care. Holland has no stones. Many a Dutch boy has never seen a pebble or small stone. No stone or wooden fences in this odd country; instead we find green growing hedges, and ditches, often as green as the living hedges, inclosing garden plots.

Not only is Holland low but it is very level. From the top of a tower 338 feet high in Utrecht, a city near the center of the country, you can see the whole of Holland spread out all about you like a brightly colored picture on a canvas. Everything in this flat country is sharply and clearly defined. A man or a duck stands out in as bold a relief as a windmill. Objects seem much nearer than they really are.

Holland has no mountains. The only elevations are the sand dunes and the dykes.

Sand dunes are but heaps of sand, that for ages has been blowing, drifting and heaping itself into great ridges, ridges that continually change and shift with the winds.

In a country so flat as Holland, the winds had a fine time driving the sands about until the Hollanders put a stop to it by planting coarse, reed-like grasses and other vegetation, whose roots would grow in one tangled mass, and wind in and out of the sand heaps, and so hold the sand in place. Even little children know that they must not pull a blade of this grass whose strong roots and fibers are so useful. But what sport the boys have hunting the rabbits, for these sand dunes are full of rabbit-burrows.

In swampy, damp countries, vegetable matter decays and forms a black coal-like substance that burns easily. This is peat, and is used for fuel instead of wood or coal. Digging and cutting this black earth, which is but a mass of decayed roots and grasses, is a regular business in Holland.

Among the poor people, even the little children are sent out to cut the peat in brick-shaped sods. These sods are carefully dried and stowed away for use in the winter, when ice and snow make it impossible to cut it.

As all but the very rich use peat, men go through the streets from house to house selling this fuel.

AMSTERDAM.

As we sail up the great North Sea Canal and enter Holland at Amsterdam, the metropolis of the country, we notice that this city is shaped like a semi-cir-

cle with the Dam as a center. From this Dam, built in 1204, at the junction of the Amstel river and the Y, the city gets its name.



IN THE HARBOR OF AMSTERDAM.

Amsterdam is sometimes called the Venice of the Dutch. It is a walled city of 95 islands connected by about 350 bridges.

At first sight of Amsterdam one stands speechless. It seems one forest of windmills, windmills everywhere and perched like great birds upon every available tower or steeple or pyramid, every spire and every

belfry, and in and among all these rise the endless numbers of factory chimneys, together with the masts of vessels everywhere to be seen, loading and unloading, up and down the many water routes of the town. Half its streets are canals, filled with water that at times is as black as ink.

In whatever direction we look we see sails and masts poking up between windmills, spires, steeples and trees, so that you wonder where land ends and the sea begins.

Amsterdam is so low, and the soil is so soft and marshy, that before building, heavy piles must be sunk into the mud and slime. And as the piles do not always remain firm, many of the houses have a very tipsy air as they lean at various angles—forward, backward, and sideways. Some of the streets are so narrow that people can shake hands across the streets.

The builders of Amsterdam receive more money for what they do under ground than above ground. It costs many thousand florins a day to prevent the city from vanishing in the mud. The dredging machines are always at work clearing out the mud.

Water is all around and about the city, and the windmills are everlastingly whirling to keep the farms about it from becoming lakes. But in spite of the fact that water is everywhere in sight, there is no drinking water in the place. It must come from the clouds or a reservoir fourteen miles away.

Nowhere in Europe are the streets more beautiful than in Amsterdam. Some of the new streets are splendidly adorned with fine public buildings, and stately residences. The principal streets are two mil

long, and describe a semicircle. Canals run through the center of these streets, and on either side are roads lined with stately trees and handsome residences.



IN AMSTERDAM.

Many of the side streets are canals with no foot paths whatever.

A stroll about the streets of Amsterdam delights us, for we see so many odd sights. Tourists from all parts of the world, sooner or later visit this city. Here mingle together the American, the European, the Oriental, sailors from every part of the globe. Most interesting of all are the Hollanders from the provinces, arrayed in the quaint national costume of their own section. One of the oddest sights is to see the fishermen with great fur caps on in summer. These are worn all the year as a badge of their business.

And such queer conveyances—the modern carriage, carts pulled by dogs, and even sleighs, dragged over the ground in summer, but helped along by the driver, who squeezes an oil-rag in front of the runners.

Vessels of all sorts and kinds, steamboats, yachts, sailboats, and canal boats ready to take you anywhere. Bridges are everywhere. Frequently the boats are so tall that they cannot pass under the bridge, which must be raised. When one is in a hurry, how exasperating to have to pause until the bridge is closed. While we wait the slow movements of the bridge tender, we are interested in seeing him swing out over the boat a long pole on the end of which is a wooden shoe; into this some one on the vessel must drop a coin or two to pay for the opening and closing of the bridge.

It is very pleasant traveling about the city in boats in this way. It is not so tiresome as walking, and, without leaving our seats, we can watch the passing of the curiously dressed people, with their noisy, clumsy shoes, the lounging sailor with his pipe always in his mouth, the busy house wife, dressed in spotless white, with scrub brush or pail or knitting in hand, at the door or window.

Standing on the docks we can see the vessels coming and going constantly. Many of them are from the Dutch East Indies, and carry vast quantities of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and spices.

Amsterdam began its career as a little fishing village. To-day it has a population of 512,953 and



THE ROYAL PALACE.

accommodates ten thousand vessels, flying the flags of all nations.

In Holland everyone moves slowly. We miss the American activity and bustle of our northern states.

Amsterdam has many very interesting buildings. The great Exchange is worth a visit. Here the merchants and brokers come daily to transact business. Once a year, the last week in August, all the grave solemnity that attends money transactions is laid aside,

and this building is turned into a play ground and becomes the center of the children's carnival.

This celebration is to honor the children, who during the 17th century discovered a Spanish plot to blow up the city. The children gave the alarm and the city was saved.

Another interesting building is known as the Royal Palace. Its foundations are laid on 13,659 piles. Although called a palace it is really a town hall, for which it is better adapted than for the home of a king. The court meets here but once or twice a year. The rulers of Holland are crowned in Amsterdam.

Amsterdam is a great business center. Throughout the civilized world, the city is famed for its diamond cutting. This branch of work gives employment to ten thousand people.

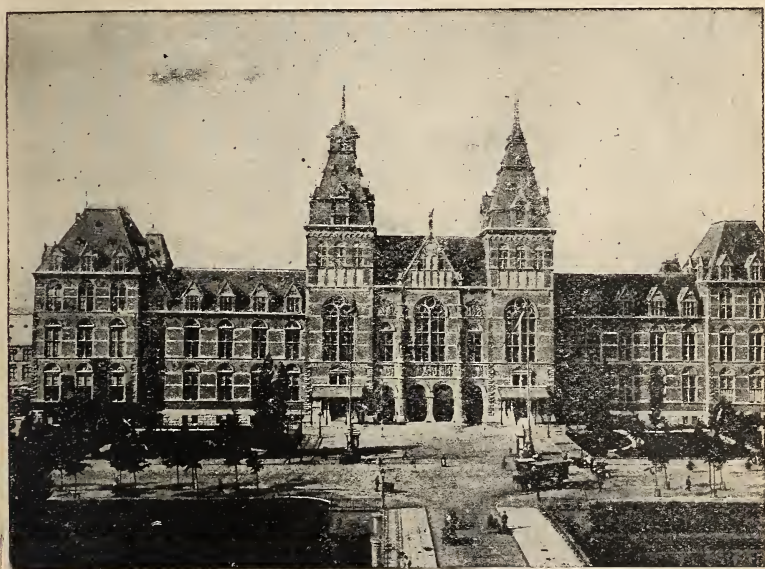
The diamonds are brought from South Africa. Some of the largest stones take months to cut. A perfect diamond should have sixty-four sides. Rough diamonds to the value of several million dollars are cut here every year. The men who do this work are very honest, and a diamond is never stolen.

Holland is also famous for its manufacture of toys. All sorts of mechanical toys, windmills that go, tiny fishing boats, canal-boats, animals that walk and make all sorts of unearthly sounds.

This city might well be called the city of Chimes. All the bells of Amsterdam are in tune, and they chime every quarter of an hour. The chimes of the old cathedral play a different air every quarter of an hour, so that in a single day ninety-six airs are played.

The most magnificent building in Amsterdam is the great Rijk's Museum. This is considered one of the finest buildings in Northern Europe. Here we find many curios from different countries.

The picture galleries draw people from all parts of the world. The Dutch love their artists, and their works, and we see Dutch men, women and children,



RIJK'S MUSEUM.

rich and poor, crowding into the galleries to enjoy the pictures they treasure.

Rembrandt is considered as Holland's greatest artist and the entire civilized world acknowledges him as a great master. So proud are the people of Amsterdam of Rembrandt, that they have raised a monument to perpetuate his memory.

His most famous picture is called the "Night Patrol" or "Night Watch." Artists regard this as so wonderful that they return to study it day after day. If you ask them about the picture, they will tell you that the action, the light and shade and the portraits are wonderful.

Another painting hanging in the Rijk's Museum that is thought by some to be even finer than the "Night Patrol," is "The Syndics of the Cloth Merchant."

This picture is admired because the faces express so much feeling. They are perfect portraits, the men seeming to live, breathe and feel.

Rembrandt was born in the city of Leyden, 1607, and died at Amsterdam, 1669.

A picture that children enjoy is the "Feast of St. Nicholas," by Jean Steen.

The "Dancing Lesson" and the "Night School," are also regarded as masterpieces of Dutch art.

One of the most noted sights of Amsterdam is the zoological garden. It is considered the finest one of its kind in Europe. It covers twenty-eight acres, and attracts students and visitors from all over the world.

The Tower of Tears is well worth a visit. This is the place where the Dutch sailors in ancient times took leave of their friends when embarking on long voyages. That tower has seen many farewells, for "Dutch pluck has sailed all over the world." Holland is next to England as a colonizing state.

The cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam are noted for ship building. The Dutch ships are always well built, and good and sound.

A short distance from Amsterdam, is a little place

called Yaandam. To this place, many years ago, came Peter the Great, the Czar of Russia. He had heard of the stout ships the Dutch built and he wished to copy



REMBRANDT STATUE AT AMSTERDAM.

them. So he disguised himself as a peasant and spent some time in a fisherman's hut by the wharf, learning as much as he could. He was anxious to improve the condition of his people and wanted to introduce new methods in Russia. For a penny or two, a guide shows us Peter's hut. It has been carefully preserved and encased in a building erected by a former queen of Holland.

Did you ever hear of a street of windmills? Yaandam has one, almost five miles long. It stretches along the river Yaan, and numbers some four hundred mills. They are all busy too, grinding corn, chopping

tobacco, sawing timber, crushing seed for oil, and draining land.

Near Amsterdam is a place called Deventer, known as the gingerbread town, because of a certain kind of gingerbread that is made there and sent all over the



THE NIGHT PATROL.

country. Many thousand pounds of this gingerbread are exported every year.

Other trips may be taken from the city of Amsterdam to various localities near. It is very interesting

to sail on the Zuyder Zee and visit the many islands, that float like lilies on its surface.

Especially interesting the Island of Marken proves. So low is it, that the sea frequently washes its shores. It is necessary to set the houses upon mounds of earth. Many of the houses are two hundred years old. They are but one story high, gaily painted, and have roofs of bright red tiles.

The interiors of the houses are very odd. The walls are of wood and are decorated with old plates of Delft, Chinese and Japanese ware of odd shapes, by racks containing pipes, or filled with massive old spoons. You will see no bedsteads, but in their place, beds made in the niches of the wall. To sleep in one of these beds would be like going to rest on a shelf in a closet. Very gay are the quilts and pillows, sometimes richly embroidered.

Floors are polished until they shine. Before entering the house, the wooden shoes are left at the door. It seems very queer to see so many shoes waiting at the door for owners, while the people within are going about either in their stockings or barefooted.

The isle of Marken has but a thousand inhabitants, strong, sturdy, self-reliant fisher-folk, dressed in the oddest of all costumes in Holland.

THE PEOPLE OF HOLLAND.

The people who live in Holland are called Dutch. They are noted for their bravery, pluck, industry, honesty, public spirit, and love of liberty and justice. They are quiet and sober, and never seem to be in a hurry. They have blue eyes, blonde hair, and fair

faces. The majority of the people in the cities dress much as do the people of our own Eastern cities. Paris, Berlin and London furnish the cities of Holland with the latest styles.

But away from the cities the people wear odd, curious costumes.

The Dutch women are very industrious. Many of them do men's work. They act as market porters, railway signal men, boat men and they even help the

dogs draw wagons about. It looks to travellers as if the women do most of the work, while the men smoke and steer canal boats.

So much out of door work makes the women of Holland strong and healthy, and their cheeks are usually rosy and their eyes bright.

The country people of Holland do not bother about any modern fashions. They prefer their own old, quaint styles of dressing.

The little girl frames her rosy face



A DUTCH MAID.

in a white cap, finished off with a gold band over the forehead, and with golden ornaments at each side of the temples. Sometimes gold curls, that look like golden cork screws, dangle beside the sweet, serious face.

Her dress is always simple and plain. Sometimes her bodice is finished off at the neck with a snowy white kerchief. The head dress of a child is not so large and showy as her mother's, which sometimes represents the wealth of the family. The head dresses vary in different sections of the country. Frequently they are of pure gold and worth hundreds of dollars. We would not consider them beautiful, but odd or curious.

In some parts of Holland the women have their hair cut short and wear close fitting caps, surmounted by a sort of helmet, finished off by great gold rosettes and blinders. Others wear a gold or silver plate at the back, from which hang deep folds of rich, rare, beautiful and costly lace.

The dress consists of a short dark skirt or perhaps several skirts, and a bright colored jacket, trimmed with silver buttons.

But the boys and men are the oddest of all. Why, the material used in making one leg of the Dutchman's great baggy, velvet knickerbockers would make a little girl a skirt. Then the queer short jackets, trimmed with big silver buttons, the waist and knee buckles of silver, the wide crowned, brimless hat and wooden shoes; oh, and the pipe, we must not forget that, and you have the Dutchman dressed as he has for centuries.

We find the people of both villages and cities wear-

ing funny wooden shoes that clatter, clatter, clatter at every step. Every Saturday these shoes must be polished, not with shoe-blackening, but washed and scrubbed with soap and water, and scraped inside and outside, until they shine for Sunday wear. A queer sight it is to see a long row of these wooden shoes of all sizes, standing outside the door or on a bush to dry. The Dutch children play with their shoes as other children play with toys. They sail them in the canal for boats, tying strings to them so that they can draw them in when they wish. Sometimes they use these shoes for beds for their dolls, or dishes and even for drinking vessels.

One can tell a school house in Holland by the great number of shoes at the door. When the children return home from school they take off their shoes and put on slippers.

The wooden shoe is very useful on St. Nicholas eve. Then the children do not hang up their stockings to be filled by Santa Claus, but instead place their wooden shoes by the fire place.

Very careful are they to secure a good fat carrot or a bunch of hay to place in the shoe so that when St. Nicholas comes, with his gifts for them, he will find something for his own good fiery steeds. In the morning, carrots and hay have disappeared and gifts have been left for good children.

Those who have been naughty during the year expect their gift to be a rod for parents to use on them, the coming year. St. Nicholas is supposed to be as careful to punish the naughty, as he is to reward the good.

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The sixth of December is celebrated as St. Nicholas' birthday. It is kept as we keep Christmas Day in our country.



FEAST OF ST NICHOLAS.

The Dutch claim that our idea of Santa Claus originally came from Holland, where he is called St. Nicholas.

Happy is the boy or girl whose shoe holds silver

skates. Holland is truly a paradise for those who love to skate. Here the ice does not come and go as with us. When it once forms, it is for all winter. Each day gives it additional strength. The question "will it bear?" is not often heard.

What fun the boys and girls have in racing with one another! They seem more like bright birds than boys and girls as they skim over the ice, and their skates are of all sorts and kinds, from the aristocratic silver, the serviceable polished steel, to the clumsy wooden ones, fastened on with a bit of stout twine.

Everybody in Holland skates, from the little toddling child, that has just learned to walk, to the old, old grand parent. It is easier for a Hollander to skate than to walk.

The canals are crowded with little boys and girls; big boys and girls, fat, happy, rosy-cheeked boys and girls, thin, sad, cross boys and girls on their way to school, or work in shop or factory.

Men and women, fat, thin, old and young, all on skates. If we stand and watch the skaters we will be much amused, so odd do the people appear. Strange it seems to see a large pompous merchant, cane poised high in the air, on his way to his ware house; a peddler with a huge pack on his back making his way into a distant section; the school-master with an armful of books; the busy doctor, pondering on his patients; the market women loaded with their heavy baskets. Each and all glide by, only intent on business.

But of all the motley crowd we are most curious about the peasant girl, who skates so rapidly that she seems to have wings on her feet. She is dressed in

national costume, and across her shoulders is a wooden yoke from the ends of which hang pails filled with butter and cheese.

The push chairs seem strange. They are easy chairs lined with soft cushions and mounted on runners.



WINTER AMUSEMENT.

When a lady is seated, she wraps herself in fur rugs, places her feet upon the foot stove and away she goes, pushed by a servant dressed in livery with skates on his feet. No matter how cold the day, she is as warm and comfortable, and enjoys her ride as much as though she was seated behind a span of horses.

Another very interesting sight

on these frozen highways are the ice boats. Every one must keep a sharp look out for these boats, and keep out of their way. These vessels glide over the ice like great white winged birds. They are only or-

dinary boats, mounted on runners, so broad at the base that they can carry much larger sails than vessels of the same size in water.

These boats are used for every purpose. Gay parties of young folks, laughing and singing, bent on having a good time, while on their way to a neighboring town, shoot by; while, perhaps, just in its wake is another loaded with hay and vegetables; and still others carry merchandise for the factories.

Here and there booths are erected on the ice, where hot coffee, milk, chocolate, cake and all sorts of good things are sold.

Every family has a sleigh and the sleighs are made in the form of swans, shells or boats. But though winter is the gayest time in Holland, the children have almost as pleasant a time in the summer. Barefooted they wade and splash in the ponds and ditches; they sail little bits of wood, that they make believe are huge steamers. Then the swimming matches! How these Dutch boys and girls can dive! What sport rowing and sailing the large boats! And, too, the fishing. The waters of Holland are alive with fish. It needs but the keen skill of a Dutch boy to draw a prize from the water and land it in mother's frying pan, or in some neighbor's, in exchange for a cent or two.

HOMES AND HOME LIFE.

We find the houses of Holland odd looking. They are tall, and sometimes lean to the right or left, backwards or forwards. This crooked state of affairs is due to the sinking of the piles on which the houses are built.

In the cities, the houses are frequently five and six stories high. The first three are the same width, very much broader than the upper ones, which grow narrower and narrower as they approach the peaked roof. Bright red tiles cover the roofs and they are further adorned with gilded weather vanes. The walls are also painted with some bright color.

As soon as we set foot in Holland, we remember that it has the reputation of being the cleanest country in the world. And this we find to be true. In the vil-

lages, where the houses are small, even the one-roomed huts are gaily painted and very clean.

In the cities, with mop and scrubbing brush in hand, each housekeeper or her maid begins the day, arrayed in a short petticoat and wooden shoes. Every morning the house



THE VEGETABLE MAN.
Photographed by Mrs. J. H. Boyd

receives a bath. Window panes are drenched with water, then polished until they shine like mirrors. Sidewalks and doorsteps are scrubbed. Water is used in so liberal a way, that early in the morning a stranger might easily think that the place was flooded.

In the front of the house, instead of at the back, as with us, rugs are beaten, and bedding is being aired. There is need of great activity, for all this drenching, scrubbing, polishing must be over each morning by 10 o'clock. If the law did not thus place a limit, the Hollanders would be at it all day. When a Dutch woman, is not knitting you are sure to find her scrubbing, mopping, brushing or polishing either the inside or the outside of the house. Everything is so clean, and shines so, that a sunbeam seems to point with scorn at a stray speck of dust.

As the street door is opened, you hesitate to cross the sill, for the hall is so beautifully polished, that it seems almost wicked to walk on it. When you see the children just home from school, slip their feet out of their wooden shoes, before entering, you wish that you too, could enter in your stocking feet.

Few of the houses have carpets. White sand is scattered on the tile floor every morning. The kitchens have open fire places, and these are needed, for the dampness leaves the floors cold. Sometimes cork foot stools are kept near the fireplace.

Let us take a peep into a rich man's house. We find the floors made of tiles, laid in regular patterns, or else of polished wood, covered with rich and heavy rugs. The walls are hung with beautiful, often odd tapestries. The ceilings are richly frescoed. The furniture is heavy and durable, rather than frail and dainty; fine paintings, exquisite statuary, sparkling cut glass, massive silverware, and many beautiful and wonderful curios from China and Japan, are all about.

In the chief rooms we see great fire places, sur-

rounded by dark blue and white tiles upon which are painted biblical scenes. Here on Sunday afternoons children love to gather to hear the old, yet ever new,



From a painting by Jean Steen.

THE DANCING LESSON.

stories of Moses and the Egyptians, of Joseph and his brothers, of Daniel and the lions.

Upon the large mantels rest the brass candlesticks and the pipes, the pride and the joy of the master of the house. Here are pipes of all sorts and kinds from the plebian clay to the aristocratic meerschaum, mounted in silver and gold. Each pipe has a history. The master can tell you where he got it, how long he has had it, what he paid for it or who gave it to him. As he expatiates on its beautiful brown color now, he takes care to tell you how white it was, when he first got it. The browner the pipe the better, and more constant the smoker. Pipe and tobacco are always provided for a guest, also.

The Dutchman as soon as he wakens in the morning gets his pipe. Indeed, it is said that he even goes to sleep with it in his mouth, so that if he wakens during the night, the pipe will be ready for use.

The mother of the house is as fond of her foot stove as the master of his pipes.

Foot stoves are much used in Holland. They are tin boxes, shaped somewhat like a small bench, with a handle and filled with hot coals. The air is so damp and chilly, that foot stoves are used summer and winter in houses and churches. On Sunday, the sexton and his assistants, boys and old women, move softly about the church, and rent foot stoves to those who are willing to pay a penny.

One thing that you will think queer about the fine houses are the looking glasses fastened outside of the windows. These are so arranged that a person inside of a room, can, without being seen, know all that is going on in the street, and what visitor is using the huge brass knocker on the polished oaken door.

It makes us smile, when we see a Hollander in passing the house of friends, pause, then very deliberately bow to the house, to the windows, with no person visible in the house. This salute is intended as a mark of respect to all that the house contains. Do you not think it a pretty custom?

Have you not, when on your way to school, passed a house from the door bell of which hung a large black bow of crepe, or of black or white ribbon? This tells you there is sorrow here! A soul has left never to return.

Now in Holland, they tell not only their sorrow but their joy. When a Hollander passes a house and sees a cushion displayed upon the door, he knows at once that there is great rejoicing here, that a brand new soul has just arrived.

If the baby is a boy then the cushion is red, if blue or white, then the new comer must be a girl. Frequently the cushions, made of lace and ribbon, are large and showy. When very poor, they simply display a red or blue string.

Every Hollander, who has money to use for the luxuries of life, builds out of town a little summer house. This is painted in the gayest of colors, with a motto over the door.

These summer houses are very frail, only intended for summer pleasures. They are always near the canal, pond or ditch, which is often filled with water so stagnant as to rival the green of the fields. Fantastic bridges are everywhere. The Dutch so love the water, that they are not happy unless near it, and they are in no way particular about the kind, so long as it is wet.

To the summer house on warm afternoons, goes the owner with wife and children. Here, pipe in mouth, he smokes and dreams of his treasures. The good wife, with feet on the foot stove, even on the hottest day, knits away as though her life depended on finishing the long stocking before sunset. And the children, how they enjoy the day's outing! What a fine time they have fishing from the window, laughing, chatting with friends in passing boats, throwing crumbs to some old motherly duck or regal swan floating by, paddling barefooted or gathering the beautiful pond lilies!

Then comes a feast of the sweetest cakes, with coffee and delicious cream and milk, and back they go to their city home to sleep.

The Dutch breakfast is a very simple one—just tea, bread and butter. We will add fried herrings to ours. The Dutch eat their herrings rare. For luncheon there is delicious coffee, eggs, the sweetest butter in the world, and the cheese for which Holland is famed. Dinner is much like the same meal in any other country, and comes in the evening.

In America we have a milkman, but in Holland it is very apt to be a milk boy or a milk girl. The milk is carried in gay little carts, drawn by two, four or five large dogs. Generally these dogs are well-behaved and obey the slightest word or gesture. They trot along like well-behaved ponies. But you would enjoy seeing a team get excited and become unruly, as it does sometimes, when a canine enemy approaches. Then the dogs are bound to have a fight. Over goes the milk wagon, cans fly, dogs are all twisted up together. A fine time the poor owner has to reduce things to order.

In this queer land one sometimes sees a woman harnessed, instead of dogs, and pulling the milk carts as though she were but a beast of burden. Sometimes women and boys harnessed to long ropes tow the canal boats up and down.



A MILK WAGON.

Carts or boats, loaded with all sorts of vegetables, stop at the door. In Holland vegetables are sold by weight, but more frequently by the meal.

When the cart or boat comes to the door, the house-keeper will ask for potatoes or beans or peas for eight persons. The market woman spreads out the

amount and names her price. The house-keeper is keen to get all she can, the market-woman to give as little as possible. Then follows a great haggling, so that either the price is lowered or more goods given.



CARRYING WATER

Holland is certainly a queer land. What do you think of a country that belongs to the sea, a country filled with rivers crawling to the sea, with lakes always anxious to wash the land, overflowing canals for streets, ditches for fences, and, yet with water, water, everywhere, not a drop to drink? Up or down the

canals ply the water barges, from which the people buy their drinking water. Girls and boys bring great water jugs to the boats to be filled. They carry the water to houses away from the canals and sell it just as milk is sold in our country.

WINDMILLS.

No matter which way we turn in Holland, we will see great, long-armed windmills standing like so many soldiers on duty.

Holland is a country of windmills. Not only do the Dutch work themselves, but they make the slightest, daintiest breeze work for them.

The great windmills pump the water into the canals and out of the canals, out of lakes and rivers. They drain the land, they grind the corn, they saw the wood, beat the hemp, and in many other ways work for man.

The windmills are generally built in the form of a two-story tower, very broad at the bottom and tapering all the way to the top. The roof is made to turn with the wind. Just below the roof, the great arms are fastened, that carry the sails; the slightest wind sets these in motion, and so starts the works within the windmills.

The sails range in size from fifty to one hundred and thirty feet in length. So delicately are the sails adjusted, that, like well-trained soldiers, they are ever ready to obey the slightest command. When a little wind springs up, the great sails spread themselves and immediately begin to pump, to grind, to pound or do whatever task has been allotted to them. When it

ceases to blow the sails hang limp and lifeless, but ready, at the first breath, for duty again.

The windmills are gayly painted red, green, brown or blue. When the sails are new they are snowy white, but age colors them a dirty gray.



A HOLLAND LANDMARK.

It is said that there are 12,000 windmills in Holland, and that it costs yearly ten millions of dollars to keep them in working order.

But, alas! these gay, picturesque time-honored landmarks are doomed. Gradually steam and electricity are taking their places. Already ugly, brick buildings, with great tall chimneys,

have been built to house the great giants of the 19th century, steam and electricity.

When Holland ceases to use her windmills, she will have lost one of her chief characteristics. No one ever thinks of Holland without thinking of windmills.

HAARLEM.

Ten miles from Amsterdam lies the brave old historic town of Haarlem. It is sometimes called the floral city of Holland. Here we find gardens gay with tulip, hyacinth and crocus. Throughout Holland all flowers are loved, but the city of Haarlem especially loves the gay tulip, which is regarded as the queen of flowers.

Over this flower Holland once became crazy. Yes, once upon a time the wise, staid, unexcitable Hollanders actually went wild over tulips, and lost many of their precious florins in the mad desire to own the choicest and most beautiful specimens.

The first tulip seen in Holland came from Constantinople in 1599. This was admired very much by some rich Hollanders, and they sent to Turkey for more bulbs. Then the Hollanders began to compare flowers; they grew envious; each tried to see who could own the finest tulip beds and get the choicest, most beautiful and rarest variety of this flower. This desire grew until everyone, rich and poor, had but one thought—tulips. The country actually became tulip crazy, and people spent large sums of money for a single bulb. One variety, called the *Semper Augustus*, brought the sum of five thousand dollars. One rich man gave half his fortune for a single bulb.

The craze grew and grew, so that men parted not only with money, but with land, houses, furniture, clothing and jewelry; everything went for tulips. Think of giving a house for a flower bulb, of quarrelling with a friend over a flower.

One day, an English botanist, who was visiting his

friend in this queer, mad Holland, picked up a bulb. Not knowing its value, he cut it in two, and was most carefully studying it, when the owner suddenly appeared, and in a rage asked the botanist what he was doing. The Englishman coolly answered, "Peeling a most extraordinary onion." This calm answer only increased the wrath of the Dutchman, who seized the unfortunate botanist, and in spite of his struggles, dragged him through the streets to a magistrate's office.

There the poor Englishman learned to his sorrow, that he had destroyed a bulb worth sixteen hundred dollars, and that to prison he must go, unless the sum was paid.

Another story is told of an unfortunate cook who, mistaking a tulip bulb for an onion, ate it, and met with a similar fate.

So the craze continued until every one, rich and poor, young and old, men, women and children, were buying, selling and quarrelling over tulips.

Fortunes were made and lost in a day, and then again others lost all they had. The only thing the people could think of was tulips.

At last the government became alarmed, and said the speculation in tulips must stop. People were made to see how foolish they had been. Down tumbled the price of tulips. The tulip bubble burst! Debts were not paid. Creditors went to law. But it was no use, for tulip debts could not be collected, for the law said that the buying and selling of these bulbs was nothing but gambling, and therefore, such debts could not be collected.

Gradually the country recovered from the tulip panic. While the flowers are still grown in immense quantities, it is only as other beautiful flowers are raised and sold.

Other cities are proud of their commerce, proud of fine buildings, paintings and works of art. But Haarlem cares only for her floral wealth.



THE CATHEDRAL OF HAARLEM.

Flowers seem to know when they are loved, and bloom here with great profusion, as if to give thanks for the loving care bestowed on them.

A walk about the city soon convinces us that the trees and shrubs are also carefully cared for. Tree trunks are gayly painted white, blue, yellow, or bright red.

Frequently the fences are living, growing hedges cut in all sorts of fantastical shapes. The shrub most used is the box-plant. This is a stocky, thick stemmed bush with small, dark glossy green leaves. Perhaps you have seen it used as a border in some old-fashioned flower-garden.

The hyacinth is a source of great wealth in Holland. No where else is it brought to so great a perfection in color and bloom. There is a tract of a thousand acres around Haarlem devoted to the culture of the bulbs. Millions of these are sent to all parts of the world. Forty thousand persons are engaged in the culture of this flower, and Haarlem is the center of the hyacinth trade of the world.

For years, next to its floral display, the city was proud of owning the largest organ in the world. People from far and near visited St. Baron's Cathedral to hear this wonderful organ that has four key boards, sixty-four stops and five thousand pipes, some of which are as slender as a pipe stem, while others are large enough for a man to crawl through.

The celebrated masters, Mozart and Handel, have played on this organ. The story is told that Handel, one day, entered the church alone, and at once began to draw such music from this organ as to fairly frighten the organist, who was standing at the church door, for he knew no one pair of hands could strike so many notes at once; finally he plucked up courage to enter the church and found that it was Handel pouring out his soul, not only with his hands but using his nose for the notes out of reach of his fingers.

In the square outside the Cathedral is a large bronze

statue of Laurence Janson, the sexton of the Cathedral. The Dutch claim that this man was the one who first invented printing. Just as Janson was about to reveal the art of printing he became sick, and his servant stole the type, which he carried to his brother Gutemberg in Germany. Gutemberg immediately made the art of printing known, claiming it to be his invention. The world accepts this as true, all but Holland, and she, in spite of all proofs, declares printing to be Janson's art.

In Dutch history Haarlem occupies a prominent place. Many a scar has been left here by the Spanish. Philip II, King of Spain, claimed the right to force the Hollanders to obey certain unjust laws, which it pleased him to lay upon this little country.

The Dutch submitted for a time, then rebelled. Philip sent the Duke of Alva, a very cruel Spanish general, to conquer them. He thought this would be an easy task, as the city was surrounded by a very weak wall. Much to his amazement, every time his men tried to storm the city they were driven back. Not only did the men fight, but women and children. When they could not use fire arms, they made use of boiling hot water and stones. While the Spanish army slept at night the Dutch worked like beavers building a new wall within the old. When the Spaniards battered down the old wall, it was to find a stronger one had been reared just within. Months went by and the Hollanders were starving to death. They had made a brave resistance, but it was no use. Then they determined to rush through the enemy's line and make one last effort for safety. The Spaniards

heard of this, and the Duke of Alva promised to pardon and spare the lives of the citizens if they would surrender the town. Believing the Duke, the Dutch surrendered. The Spaniards, headed by the hated Duke of Alva, who knew not the meaning of truth and honor, butchered every human being, young and old.

If you will look on an old map of Holland you will see Haarlem Lake. Here during the sixteenth century,



CITY HALL OF HAARLEM.

when Spain was fighting little Holland, the Dutch had a glorious victory. Spaniards laid seige to Haarlem and intended to capture the Dutch ships. They were not used to ice, and while these brave, gay, Spanish soldiers were slipping and tumbling and sprawling all over the ice, they found themselves taken captive by an army of Dutch on skates.

But this Haarlem lake is no longer on the maps. At one time it was a shallow but exceedingly troublesome body of water, which frequently in times of storm flooded the country and there was always the danger that it might unite with the ocean and do untold mischief. For years the natives had anxiously watched this lake, and talked about draining it, but it was not until 1839 that the government began the work.

The first step was to surround the entire lake by a dyke and an encircling canal 37 miles in length. It took nine years for this work. In 1848 three huge engines began the work of pumping out the water from the lake. It was not until 1852 that the lake was dry and 45,000 acres of fertile land was added to Holland. Every acre of this great polder was sold at a price that almost paid for the enormous expense of draining it.

From all parts of Holland came farmers anxious to buy this land, so that on this polder, working side by side, are peasants in the quaint costumes of various sections of the country. Roads now cross this, the once lake, in every direction. So successful was the drainage of Haarlem Lake that the Hollanders have planned to add another huge polder to their country.

Will you look at the map of Holland and notice the Zuyder Zee, how it bites into Holland? Zuyder Zee literally means South Sea, and is a branch of the North Sea.

Run a line across the Zuyder Zee from Enkhuizen to the river Yssel, a distance of 28 miles. Here it is proposed to build a dyke and then drain this immense enclosed tract. This work will take years of Dutch pluck and work, and will cost many millions of dollars.

But so fertile will the soil of this polder be that many miles of valuable land will be added to the country.

CANALS.

Holland has been called the "Land of dykes and ditches." It has not only raised walls to keep out the water, but walls to keep the water in the country. The Dutch not only fight the water, but make it captive, a slave to serve in every possible way. Canals cross the country in every direction. Many of the streets and avenues are not paved roads, such as we have in our cities and towns, but are water streets or canals. These canals are of all sizes, from the great North Holland ship canal, the wonder of the world, to very narrow ditches.

The North Holland canal is 50 miles long, and extends from Amsterdam to the Helder. It enables vessels trading from Amsterdam to avoid the islands and sand-banks of the dangerous Zuyder Zee.

The New Amsterdam canal is about $16\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length, 25 feet in width, and extends from Amsterdam to the North Sea.

There is a net-work of canals, connecting the villages and towns of Holland, and between these ply stage boats carrying passengers, freight and sometimes the mail. The owner lives on the boat with his family. A large population lives in canal boats the year round. Many of the Dutch have no other home. Frequently children are born, spend their lives and die on the canal. Only after death does mother earth become the resting place.

Houses are built on the sides of the canals. If a

Hollander desires to go up, or down town, he hails a passing boat, just as we would hail a cab or car in our own city. Vessels are frequently hitched like horses to door posts. Merchandise is carried from store to the homes by boats. The transportation of goods is



CANAL SCENE.

an important industry in Holland. Transportation by water is easy to every part of the country.

The flat tops of the dykes are used as wagon roads, and very excellent roads they make. Tramways and

railways are easy to build in so level a country as Holland, and there are a number of them, but the thrifty Hollanders find it cheaper and more convenient to use their ditches and canals for transportation.

LEYDEN.

This quiet, sleepy little town, like others in Holland, is quaint, picturesque and clean. Leyden consists of fifty islands joined together by more than one hundred and fifty canals. Many little branches of the river Rhine meander sluggishly through marsh and fen. Canals intersect the towns in all directions. In this place, as well as at Utrecht, are produced the hard bricks called Dutch clinkers, that are used to pave the roads throughout the country. Leyden, like the city of Haarlem, suffered from the cruelties of the Spaniards. And as we pause before a monument, our guide will tell us that is the great Van der Werf, the hero who saved Leyden from Spanish hands.

How, do you ask? Simply by Dutch pluck. It happened this way. After the awful siege of Haarlem, the Spanish determined to conquer Leyden. Knowing how false and cruel the Spaniards were to Haarlem, the people of Leyden resolved never to surrender.

Then came awful months when the enemy surrounded the town and amused themselves by sending fire, misery and death into their midst. For a long time they could get no word to the Prince of Orange, commander of the Dutch army. Then, as a last resort, carrier-pigeons were used. These birds were sent flying over the heads of the Spanish army, carrying under their wings messages for help. Months went by.

No help came. With true Dutch patience they waited and suffered. At length, they received word that the Prince had cut the dykes. He would destroy the rich farm lands rather than give it up to the enemy. Then, too, by cutting the dykes, the sea would enable him to float a fleet to the walls of the city and wash the Spaniards out of their forts.

Hope ran high for a time. But alas ! it seemed as though the sea was the ally of the Spanish army, for the water refused to rise. Then came a dreadful period of waiting. These people were starving. Horses, dogs, cats, even the blades of grass were devoured and there was nothing more. Then came a plague and the people died in great numbers. How the sufferers prayed for food and rain ! They finally sought the burgomaster, Van der Werf, and begged him to surrender, for these brave people felt they could bear no more. Even Dutch endurance had reached its limit, they thought. Do you think Van der Werf agreed with them? Well, this was his answer. "I have sworn to defend this city, and, with God's help, *I mean to do it!* If my body can satisfy your hunger, take it, and divide it among you, but expect no surrender so long as I am alive."

This brave answer gave renewed courage. Soon their prayers were answered. One dark night, the rain came in torrents. The sea with its huge waves came marching up, up to the city's walls, flooding the Spanish camps, drowning many, while others fled for their lives, just when, if they had known it, the city was ready to surrender. The sea did for the Dutch what fire could not do.

What joy in the morning, when they saw the Dutch fleet laden with bread and fish and, better yet, their own beloved Prince.

What do you think was the first thing these glad people did? Eat, do you say? Ah, no, they were too thankful. They entered the Cathedral and sang a thanksgiving hymn.

Afterward, when the Prince heard how they had suffered, and of the heroic defense they had made, he offered to release them from all taxes.

With true Dutch pluck, they answered, "We prefer to have a university."

Was not that a noble answer for these weakened people to make? Ah, but it is only those who can suffer and be strong that ever do the great things of this world.

The people of Leyden knew that "knowledge is power." And so the Leyden University was founded. In the course of time this became famous and drew scholars from all civilized lands to enjoy its advantages.

This ancient city of Holland is closely connected with our own history. From here came a number of the pilgrims who crossed in the Mayflower. These brought with them many a liberal idea that they had learned from the Dutch while living in Leyden under the pastoral care of John Robinson. You know how the Pilgrims were driven out of England, and obliged to seek safety in Holland. Here they lived and were well treated, but they saw that their children were fast losing English ways and speech and becoming Dutchmen. If they would keep their own nationality they

must leave Holland. So in the Speedwell they sailed from Delftshaven, Holland, to Southhampton, England, where they were to join the Mayflower. Both ships started for America, but the Speedwell sprang a leak



A STREET IN UTRECHT.

and they were obliged to put back for repairs. Once again they started, but were obliged to return, for the Speedwell was unseaworthy. At length the Mayflower started alone and entered Plymouth, Mass., in 1620,

bringing broader and more liberal ideas from contact with Leyden thought.

Holland has been a haven of refuge for the persecuted Jew, hunted Pilgrim, Protestant and Catholic suffering from the bigotted of the opposite power. Holland was the first country not only to teach but to practice religious liberty and toleration of all mankind to all mankind.

The little germ of toleration brought from Holland, took deep root in America; so that to-day our republic offers freedom of thought to all.

Many of our customs come direct to us from Holland. The first settlers of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware were the Dutch. Many towns and streets still retain Dutch names.

Albany was once called Fort Orange in honor of William, Prince of Orange, and New York was New Amsterdam. It was the English who changed the names. Many of our finest and best people trace their ancestors back to Holland. Our President, Roosevelt, is of Dutch descent.

It was the Dutch who taught us to make doughnuts, crullers, waffles and buckwheat cakes.

The pretty custom, once so universally kept, of making calls on New Year's Day is an old Holland celebration.

This is their salutation:

"I wish you a Happy New Year!
Long may you live!
Much may you give!
Happy may you die!
And Heaven be yours
By and by."

If we wish to see the finest Cathedral in Holland, we must go to Utrecht. The town is also celebrated for its beautiful velvet, silks and woolen goods.

THE HAGUE.

Nine and a half miles from Leyden is the Hague, the political capital of Holland. The government



THE HAGUE.

buildings are in this place and it is the court residence of the Dutch princes. Queen Wilhelmina was born in the royal palace at the Hague.

Holland is a limited monarchy. While it has a Queen, it has also a Congress elected by the people.

Visitors to the Hague almost always visit the palace of the Queen and the houses of Parliament.

The city is famous for its fine palaces, splendid hotels, elegant homes and museums. It is thought by many to be the handsomest town in the country. The bathing on the beach near the Hague is excellent, and for this reason, and because of the presence of royalty, the place has become noted as a summer resort.

The Hague is more like a European city than any other in Holland. Here we see less of the picturesque national costumes and more of the fashionable dress "right from Paris."

Ambassadors from the foreign countries reside at the Hague, just as they do at our capital, Washington. Here we find many broad streets lined with tall magnificent elm and linden trees and homes of the well-to-do, prosperous Dutch.

The very rich, as we count riches in America, are very few; so are the very poor. The people, as a whole, are comfortable. Each family has a little nest egg which is added to slowly but surely, until a comfortable sufficiency is reached.

The picture gallery at the Hague attracts many visitors, and numbers of them may always be found grouped about two of the most noted pictures in the gallery, "The School of Anatomy," the masterpiece of Rembrandt, and "The Bull," by Paul Potter.

This last named picture is one of the most wonderful ever painted. It once hung in the Louvre, and was considered the fourth picture in importance there. It was brought back to Holland after a time, however, and will probably never be allowed to leave the coun-

try again. England has offered a million francs for it, but the Dutch will not part with it for any sum. The picture is so life-like that it seems as if the animals in it live and breathe.

The stork is the heraldic crest of the city. A house has been built in the middle of the fish market for a



PALACE OF JUSTICE.

number of these birds, and they are fed and cared for at the expense of the city.

Near the Hague, in the midst of a grand park called the Bosch, is a royal palace called "The House in the Wood." A magnificent avenue two miles long,

leads to the house. This is one of the finest promenades in the world. The grand old trees of this forest and park are regarded as almost sacred. No boy would think of breaking a bough or twig.

So beautiful are these oaks that they touched the heart of that royal butcher, Philip of Spain, and his



PRINCESS STREET, THE HAGUE.

assistant, the Duke of Alva. While the Spaniards were slaying the men of Holland by thousands, Philip issued the order that the trees should be spared, not a branch was to be broken.

Queen Wilhelmina spends part of her time in this "House in the Woods." The building is very plain on the outside, but within is beautifully furnished and

decorated. It is noted for its fresco works by the celebrated painter, Peter Paul Rubens, and for its tapestries.

Would you like a glimpse of the beach near by? Then let us call for a carriage or else take this tram car. It will be a delightful ride of about three miles through the city, and a park containing the most beautiful old trees. A seat on the top of the car is very pleasant, as it enables us to see about us. We will not need to carry sun shades. The trees of the forest are so large and so close to the car track that their branches almost meet overhead.

The name of the watering place to which we are going is Scheveningen, on the shores of the North Sea. Crowds of people are walking about on the beach, when we arrive. Some of them are fashionably dressed, others are humbly attired fisher folk or laboring people.

The beach is strewn with great covered wicker chairs, for those who can afford to rent them. Many people spend hours on the beach in these snug places, protected from the wind and sun. If one grows tired watching the waves, he has only to turn the chair about and look at the people sauntering by, or listen to the music from a great building near by.

Back from the beach a little way, are a number of fine hotels and shops and booths, where one can buy all sorts of curios as souvenirs to take home.

If one grows hungry, there is a little refreshment stand near by, where lemonade and cherries may be bought. Every one seems to be buying and eating cherries, so we buy some too, and then proceed to hire

little bath houses, yes *hire*, little bath houses, for that is the way people do here.

We are going to have a salt water bath. So we enter tiny bath houses on wheels, and men push them out into the water. Then we put on our bathing suits and step into the water. This salt water bath is the most enjoyable part of the trip to the beach, and after it we feel refreshed and ready to continue our journey.

DELFT.

The word Delft brings to our minds tiles, cups and saucers, plates and clocks with scenes of ships, canals, windmills, rivers, fields and cows painted in that beautiful, dark, rich blue known the world over as Delft blue.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Delft was a busy manufacturing town, celebrated chiefly for its potteries. But, like everything else, people lost the craze for this ware, so that gradually the potteries were obliged to close. Just at present, the taste for this ware has been revived, and while the work of to-day is very artistic, the art of coloring it as in the early days is a lost art.

There are shops in this town that contain little else beside this porcelain ware, and as all tourists wish to take home some souvenir of Holland, they usually part with some of their Dutch money here.

Dutch money is in florins (or guldens) and cents. A florin is a silver coin worth forty cents in our money. It is worth one hundred Dutch cents, so you see that a Dutch cent is worth but two fifths as much as one of our pennies. There are other coins also—

half florins, or guldens, quarter guldens, tenth guldens and twentieth guldens, and half pennies. They have a silver coin worth two and a half gulden pieces, that corresponds to our dollar, and gold coins of larger denominations.

It was of this town that Longfellow wrote in "Keramos."

"What land is this? Yon pretty town
Is Delft, with all its wares displayed;
The pride, the market place, the crown
And center of the Potter's trade.
See! every house and room is bright
With glimmers of reflected light
From plates that on the dresser shine;
Flagons to foam with Flemish beer,
Or sparkle with the Rhenish wine,
And pilgrim flasks with fleurs-de-lis,
And ships upon a rolling sea,
And tankards pewter topped, and queer
With comic mast and musketeer,
Each hospitable chimney smiles
A welcome from its painted tiles;
The parlor walls, the chamber floors,
The stairways and the corridors.
The borders of the garden walks,
Are beautiful with fadeless flowers,
That never droop in wind or showers
And never wither on their stalks."

This little town is rich in memories of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, or as the Dutch love to speak of him, Father William. Here he lived, here he was murdered by Gerard, and here, in the royal mausoleum, in the new church, lie all the princes of Orange. There are two large monuments in Delft to William, Prince of Orange. Also one to Hugo Grotius, who devoted himself to a literary life.

They tell a funny story of this hero. Having dis-

pleased the government, Grotius was seized and condemned to imprisonment for life. He was allowed at stated intervals to receive a large chest of books. At first the guards carefully inspected the huge chests as they passed to and fro. But as time passed on the guards grew careless of opening chests that contained nothing but heavy books and linen. One day Grotius' wife, who shared his prison, persuaded him to jump into the chest. After locking it, she sent for the soldiers, as usual, to carry the chest to the vessel. They did so, grumbling all the while at the weight of the chest. Finally, after many narrow escapes, he reached Paris, where his bright wife joined him. He was never allowed to return to Holland. But while in exile he wrote many books of which Holland is very proud.

THE STORK.

In traveling about through the country, we notice numbers of huge birds, standing about in the fields, on the tops of houses, or flying about with great wings loosely flapping. They are the storks, so loved and revered by the Dutch. They seem more numerous in and about Delft than anywhere else. They are very tame too, and in this town walk about the streets, and sometimes even into the buildings.

The stork is the national bird of Holland, just as the eagle is ours. We find it engraved upon the arms of the capitol. The bird is protected by law, and any one guilty of killing a stork would be severely punished. A boy would never think of hurting a stork or disturbing its nest. The Dutch believe that the storks bring good luck to any house to which they come. As

an inducement they place old cart wheels close to the chimneys of their thatched gable roofs, hoping that the storks may honor them with a nest. The birds are fond of building their nests on the roofs of houses.



AT THE GATE OF DELFT.

Sometimes a pole is stuck into the ground and a basket placed on it for the storks.

The Dutch also value these birds because of their

usefulness. They devour the frogs and toads that go hopping about out of the canals, and rid the country of other reptiles and insects.

One of the stories told of the stork in Delft, illustrates a noted trait of the bird—its great affection for its young. One day a terrible fire was raging in the town. It ran from roof to roof, from street to street. The mother storks on the roofs tried to carry away their little ones from the nests on the roofs, but the young birds were too heavy. When the mother birds found they could not save their little ones, they sat down on their nests, covered their little ones with their wings, and died in the flames.

Many other stories are told of this bird, but none of them is prettier than the story of the storks told by Hans Andersen. The nurses in Holland tell the Dutch children that the storks bring the little babies.

FLOWERS.

Everywhere in this country, the love of flowers is noticeable. We see them growing not only in the well kept gardens of the rich, but in the little window boxes of the poor. Even the canal boats have well-kept flower beds. Gay tulips, sweet hyacinths with their fairy-like bells, and the brave little purple and yellow crocus, flourish in every garden, great or small. Pond lilies with their great fan-like leaves are encouraged to grow not only in ponds but in rivers and canals. The sandy soil of Holland, mixed with the rich marsh mould, is well adapted to the growing of bulbs.

Many of the old sea captains, when they found flowers growing in foreign countries, and not known in

Holland, would bring home with them a bulb or slip. If the air of Holland or its soil did not suit a plant, they would make a soil or climate that it would flourish in. The Dutch were the inventors of the green or hot house. They discovered how to slope the glass of the hot house so as to get the most power from the sun's rays. For over a century Holland led all countries in the culture of plants and flowers.

ROTTERDAM.

From the quiet, quaint old city of Delft to Rotterdam, the greatest seaport of Holland, is but a short journey. The city is on the right bank of the Maas River, near the mouth of the Rhine, about fourteen miles from the North Sea. Its excellent situation gives it the control of the inland trade with Germany and the heart of Europe. Rotterdam is the European terminus for some of the great steamship lines. It is from this place that most of the Dutch emigrants start.

Rotterdam gets its name from the Rotte, a small stream running through the city, and the great dam built where the Maas River unites with the Rotte, hence the name Rotterdam. We are interested to know that the first dyke built about Rotterdam was begun in 1000 A. D. Built in sections, this dyke was made one solid wall in 1281 A. D. It has been added to year by year, until it now has a length of more than forty miles.

It was this dyke that the Prince of Orange in 1574 cut to flood the country, when the Spaniards were besieging Leyden. After the Spaniards had been drowned or driven out by the sea, let loose

upon the land, and the people of Leyden saved from starvation by the relief boats, the water was driven back and this dyke was mended. By the year 1615, Rotterdam ranked as a first class city.



IN OLD ROTTERDAM.

Rotterdam has a population of 310,000. It is the second commercial town in Holland, and so excellent is its site that it bids fair to surpass

Amsterdam. The chief attraction in this city is a fine quay $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, called the Boompjes, which means little trees; these are elms, little trees when planted, in 1615, in a long line, but now they are grown to be majestic, noble elms. On one side of the pier lie the brightly painted river steamers, ready to carry passengers and freight up the Rhine and Moselle. Here also we see the huge rafts loaded with wood and timber brought down the Rhine from the dense forests of Germany.

On the other side of the pier are the great ocean steamers and ships that ply between Holland and all parts of the world. As we read Borneo, Java, Celebes, Sumatra, names painted on some of the vessels and see loads of spices and tropical fruits carried ashore, we know at once that these vessels are the connecting link between the Dutch East Indies and the little mother country, Holland. Here are also large steamers loaded with goods for and from the United States.

Among the places of interest in the city is a cathedral, with a great organ of fifty thousand pipes; a museum, gallery and reading rooms where all the journals of Europe may be found; a number of charitable institutions and the market place.

In the narrow streets we meet Dutch country girls in odd costumes, going to this market to sell their milk or cheese. Some of them ride donkeys and others walk beside dogs. Some are carrying fruit in baskets. The baskets are hung from each end of a pole, which is carried on the shoulders.

Such a queer market; it is held in a grove of trees in

the middle of a great square—and that square is built on vaults over the canals.

Articles are exhibited for sale in booths and in hundreds of odd little carts. There are carts of cabbages,

and melons, celery, vegetables and fruits of every kind and color. There are great piles of fruit and vegetables all jumbled together, or in baskets, on the pavements.

Women, with knitting in their hands, tend to the stalls or carts, and dogs guard the possessions of their masters and mistresses.

In the square is a statue of the great scholar

Erasmus. His eyes are fastened on an open book he holds in his hand. But no one pays any attention to him in this busy place.

A little way from the square is the cathedral. The



THE MARKET.

chimes in the steeple play every hour of the day and night—the national airs, or parts of the German and Italian operas.

ON THE CANAL.

Close to the market are many canals, crowded with boats that bring fish, vegetables, fruit and other kinds of food to the city. Many of these come from the farms near by.

Our journey would be incomplete without a trip to the country on one of these boats. Let us go aboard this one nearest us. It looks like a long house on a barge, and that is what it is. It is drawn by a horse that is attached to it by a long rope. The driver carries a horn, which he blows when he wants a bridge raised or when he meets another boat.

There are two cabins in the boat. The one we first enter has cushioned seats on two sides. The windows have white curtains. There is a cupboard containing tea things, and a table. Everything is very clean. The men in the cabin are all smoking. It does not seem to occur to them that there may be passengers who do not like the tobacco smoke about them.

Looking from the windows, we can see odd little garden houses, overhanging the side of the canal. They have their names written upon them, and queer names some of them are too. The stiff little gardens are gay with tiers of flower pots. The trees are closely cut, and the trunks painted red, blue and yellow. Even the grass is painted in striped patterns, like a carpet.

At every turn of the boat a lovely picture meets the eye. The winding canal bears us past villas and fine farms, through quiet, windmill-dotted meadows,

where sheep and cattle graze; we meet other boats—comfortable house boats, where the owners seems to live exactly as if they were in houses on the land. There are curtains at the windows, and perhaps bird cages. The mother sits on deck, rocking a cradle, sewing or preparing vegetables for dinner. The children frolic on the deck with dogs, and never seem to tumble off into the water.

Some of these boats carry garden produce, others fuel, stone or other freight. When these boats meet they are often stopped in order that their owners may visit each other, or chat awhile.

COUNTRY LIFE.

Near the cities and spread along the principal canals and rural highways are the villas of the wealthy Dutch merchants. They are usually surrounded by broad grounds, green fields and well cultivated farms.

The houses are covered with thick paint of every color, and ornamented with stucco and odd coats-of-arms. They are not at all beautiful, to American eyes. The trees are trimmed or clipped to look like the wooden trees that come with the toys that are given our children on Christmas. The gardens are laid out in stiff patters in rows and ridges.

Agriculture is the chief industry of Holland, but more land is devoted to pasturage than to crops. A part of the land is fertile and well cultivated, but much of the country is too marshy to be tilled. Neither will wood grow on it. But it yields rich green grass or hay, and gives food to great herds of cattle. Horses, hogs, sheep and goats are also raised on these

lowland farms. The peasants who raise stock are called boers.

About half the land in Holland is owned by the peasant farmers who cultivate it. There are no large estates here, such as we saw in Great Britain. The Dutch peasants are as a rule polite, intelligent, self-

reliant, sober and industrious. Many of them are well educated. While there are few very rich among them, there are also few who are poor. Even the poorest usually has a patch of ground and a pig or two.

Among the more common crops are wheat, rye, oats, buckwheat, horsebeans, beets, madder, chicory, tobacco, hemp, flax, oil seed and hops.



A FRISIAN CHILD.

The farmers have little canals around their fields and gardens, that serve to drain the land and take the place of walls or hedges. These canals also act as roadways.

The farmer loads his hay on boats, directly from the fields and sends it home to be stored away. The milk-

maids come sailing down these same canals in the evening to milk the cows in the fields. Produce is taken to market, not in wagons, but in boats drawn by horses or by the farmer and wife or their servants.

These boats are painted red or blue, and have brown sails. All day long they ply the canals, loaded with



A VILLAGE STREET.

great piles of scarlet tomatoes, green cabbages, huge yellow gourds, fruit or hay.

The whole family often accompanies the load to town, or to market, and sometimes live aboard the boat for days. The children enjoy these excursions more than anyone else, and are usually accompanied in their frolics on deck by the family dog.

The Dutch farmer counts his wealth in cows and windmills rather than many acres of land. Great herds

of fine Holstein cattle may be seen in his fields and meadows, during the summer. These cows are black and white, and very large, fine animals. The farmer feeds and watches them with as much care as his children, and they frequently sleep under the same roof that shelters him and his family.

The cow house and the parlor are sometimes side by side, and one is quite as clean a place as the other. Surely no cows in any other land have such pleasant, comfortable quarters.

Let us take a look at one of their stables or cow houses on this dairy farm. The cows are not in it now. They leave their winter quarters in May and do not come back until November.

The first room we enter contains stalls for thirty cows. The floors are of porcelain covered with a layer of white sawdust. Above each stall is a window curtained with neat white muslin curtains. Before the stall runs a trough of water for the cows to drink. In the ceiling behind each stall is an iron hook. You would never guess what this is for, so I will have to tell you. It is meant to hold in the air the cow's tail. During the winter, the cows are washed and combed as carefully as if they were children. They are petted and coddled, and every thing possible done for their comfort. If the weather is cold they have their blankets or canvas coverings.

These fine cows give great quantities of milk, and every year the Dutch send millions of pounds of butter to England. Great quantities of beef are also sent to England.

In other rooms of this dairy, the milk is kept, and

the cheese presses, where hard little balls of cheese are made. Great numbers of these cheeses are made and sent to other countries.

Holland leads the world in the production of cheese. Cheese makers from other lands come to this country to learn the secret of their excellence. There are many



THE WEALTH OF HOLLAND.

kinds, one of them, the Edam, having a world-wide celebrity. This cheese is a great favorite of the Hollanders. It has a peculiar red rind, and is considered the finest cheese made in Europe.

Some of the farm houses are large and very comfortable, and their rich owners live well. They give

employment the year round to numbers of people who own no farms of their own. The married laborers live in the villages near by.

The kitchen is the principal room in the home of the Dutch peasant. It has a tile or red brick floor, sprinkled with red sand, a brick hearth, and tiled walls. But everything is as clean as it is possible for soap and water to make it. The chairs and tables are polished, and the copper kettles and pans shine.

It is necessary to be constantly rubbing and polishing, too, for the country is very damp and the rust and mould would soon spoil the furniture and everything in the house. A bright open fire burns on the open hearth and the cool, damp climate makes its heat very welcome.

You would look for the beds in these houses a long time before you would find them. When it is bed time, a sliding door in the wall is opened and the beds appear. They are like shelves, and contain the bed clothes and linen usually found on beds.

In the room is a huge old chest filled to the cover with white linen. The Dutch housewife is very proud of her linen, and keeps enough in her house to last for many years.

Free farms have been established in Holland by the government, to assist poor Hollanders and prevent them from becoming paupers. The law forbids begging, and the absence of beggars and lack of poverty is due largely to the care exercised by the government.

Men are taught to garden, to farm and do other kinds of work. When a man has acquired sufficient knowledge of farming he is given a little place of his

own in a colony on a government farm. Such tenants are called free farmers, but they pay a small rent.

The families on the farms are grouped into colonies of about fifty, and have schools, churches, and a school of gardening. Each little farm contains about seven



A COUNTRY HOME.

acres, and has a brick dwelling house, and a cow-shed. If the farmer has no furniture it is provided for him. These free farmers or laborers are allowed to remain as long as they are industrious, or until they are able to secure better places.

All the churches look out for their poor. On Sunday the collection box is

passed twice in the churches, once for the poor. The commune only takes care of the poor who do not belong to any of the churches.

THE FISHERIES OF HOLLAND.

One of the leading industries of Holland is its fisheries. The Zuyder Zee and the North Sea contain many food fish. The fish trade helped to make Holland the prosperous country she is. The North Sea was rich in herring. More were caught than could be



GROUP OF HOLLAND FISHER CHILDREN.

used, so a thoughtful fisherman, who understood the curing of fish, secured a few kegs. packed them with salted herring and shipped them to other countries. They were quickly sold and the demand came for more. After a time the Dutch herrings became famous all the world over, and the herring fisheries a source of great wealth to the country.

In the winter the vessels go out fishing for cod. For



A DUTCH BOAT

Photographed by Mrs. J. H. Boyd.

this fish they must go to the far north, and the fishermen often meet with stormy weather. Sometimes the fishing vessels are lost, and all on board perish. On the days when the fishing fleets sail away, special prayers are offered in many of the churches for the protection of the fishermen and their success.

RELIGION.

The people of Holland are very religious, and the church services are always well attended. The churches are not interesting. The interiors of many of them are cold, ugly and cheerless, with whitewashed walls. The pulpits are large, heavy and odd, though the carving on them is elaborate and sometimes beautiful.

The men wear their hats during preaching, removing them only at times of prayers and singing. Another odd sight to visitors from other lands, is the great pile of fire boxes in the vestibule of the churches, before

service. In the winter, the churches are not warmed, and these boxes are filled with a square of red hot peat, making a foot stove such as our grandparents used to have.

The Protestant religion prevails. There are about half as many Catholics as Protestants, and a large number of Jews. These last have been attracted to Holland because religion in the country is free. No one suffers on account of his creed.

EDUCATION.

Holland is one of the most advanced countries in Europe, in public education. Good schools for all are provided by the government. These are not free, but are nearly so. The fees are very moderate. In some places instruction is provided to a pupil for a little over a penny a week.

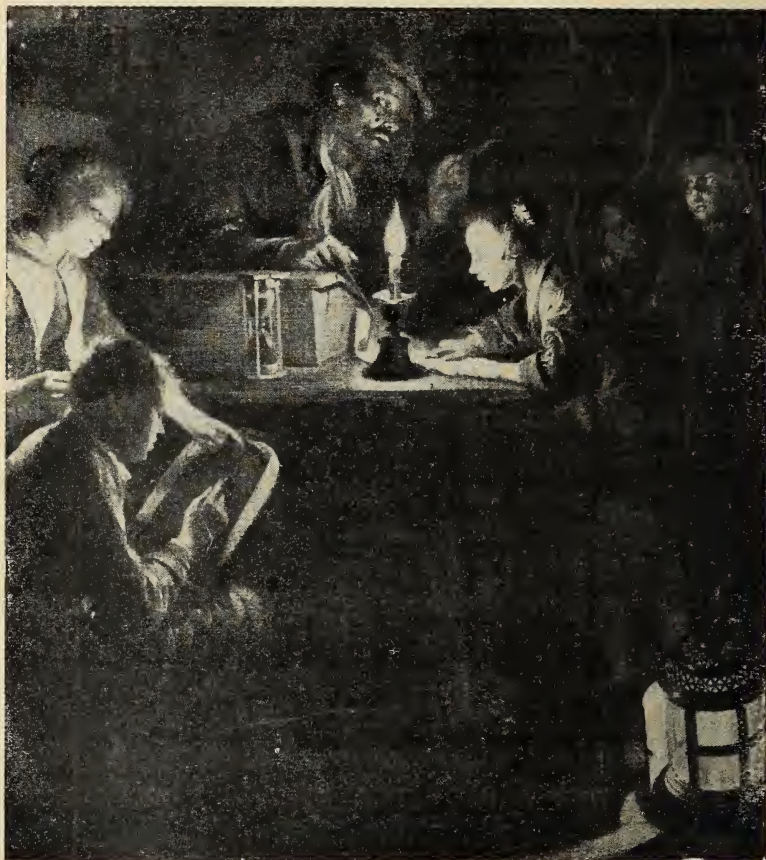
The very poor pay nothing, and in cities special schools are provided for them.

Education is not compulsory, but all children are expected to attend school from twelve to fourteen years.

But there are numbers of children in Holland who are not able to attend school. Among these are the country children, who live among the moors and fens, and those who live on board ship. The boats on which these little ones live, never remain in one place for any length of time. They must be forever on the move, carrying merchandise between far-distant places inland. They have no opportunity to attend the schools that are provided for them, but are beyond their reach.

The school houses of Holland are fine buildings. The

furniture is of the best, and the course of instruction excellent. Special attention is paid to drawing. The teachers are well trained for their work, and well paid. A house is built for the teacher a few yards



THE EVENING SCHOOL.

From a painting by Gerhardt Donne.

away from the school building, and there he lives and plans the work for his assistants, teaching only those classes he likes best. The teacher in Holland is an

important person, and is well cared for by the government. When too old to teach, he is pensioned as are our soldiers.

Holland has three universities. One of them, the Leyden university, enjoys a world wide reputation for excellence. It has exercised a great influence in Holland.

ANCIENT HOLLAND.

Take a long look backward, and try to see Holland as it was before the Christian era. The sea rose and fell, stormed and tossed its waves over the greater part of the land we now call Holland. Instead of cities with canals, churches, steeples and windmills, was a country given over to marshy weeds, reeds and rushes and willow trees, growing by lakes, ponds and pools which furnished homes for millions of water birds and frogs.

Floods were common. When the rain fall was great or when the ice and snow melted in great quantities, lakes and pools became roaring seas and the whole country would lie soaking in the water.

The first human beings who lived here were hunters and fishermen, savages, who wore rough skins for clothing. These must have worked like human beavers, digging trenches and building dams to protect their huts from the water.

The real civilization of Holland did not begin until the Romans took possession of the country and began at once to construct dykes.

The Romans were highly civilized when the people living about the North Sea were savages and barbarians. The Romans soon subdued them, made

slaves of them and compelled them to dig, build dykes, and fight for the glory of Rome.

Under Roman rule, this country steadily improved for many years. Old Roman roads are now the main avenues of many a Dutch city.

In digging down into the mire and peat, Roman coins two thousand years old, and curios of most ancient Roman workmanship are frequently found. With the fall of Rome came many changes and troubles. During the Roman rule the country made great strides toward civilization. But it was not until Christianity had full sway, that the true nobility of these people asserted itself. Then they dared to suffer and be strong.

Many a battle have the Dutch had to hold their own. From time to time various European powers have desired to subdue and annex this little country.

Here the Spaniards have left many a scar and mark of their hated presence. Even today many of the streets bear Spanish names. Spanish words have crept into the language. Many a Dutchman has a Spanish ancestor of whom he is ashamed.

The Dutch threw off the Spanish yoke, just as we did the British, and for the same reason, taxation without representation. We, in forming our union of colonies in 1776, and declaring ourselves free by a declaration of independence and then fighting for freedom, were but imitating Holland, when she freed herself from Spain under the leadership of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, surnamed the Silent.

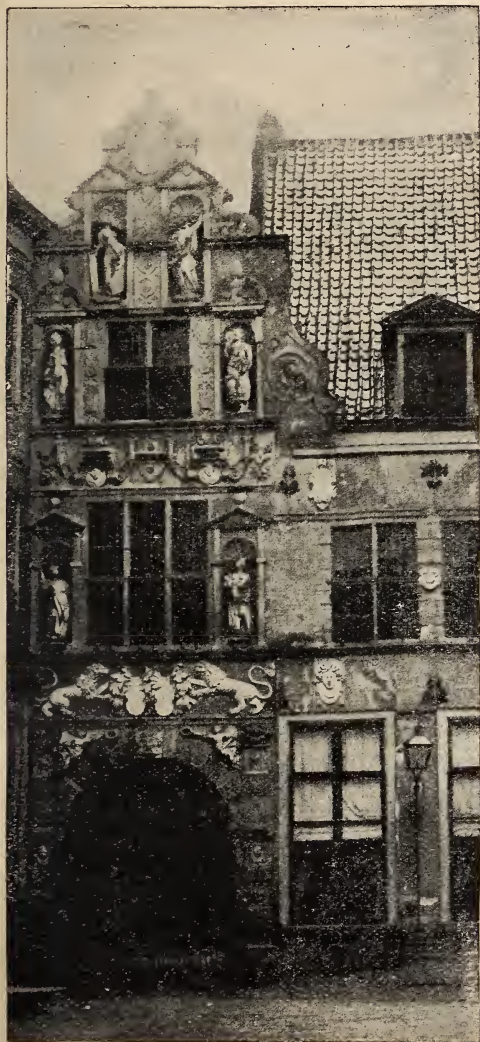
For his sake the House of Orange is loved and revered by the Dutch, who feel that they can never

discharge their debt of gratitude. Many of his descendants were brave and wise. The last of the line is

Wilhelmina, the present girl queen of Holland.

The great Napoleon, who made all Europe tremble, whose one desire was to found an empire that should include all Europe, appreciated rich little Holland and claimed it as his because Holland is the creation of the Rhine.

Napoleon said "the highland countries are mine by right of conquest. Therefore the delta of the Rhine is also mine, as it is formed by the soil, washed down by the Rhine, from my other countries." Holland, like the



A BIT OF OLD HOLLAND.

other countries of Europe, suffered much from the whims of Napoleon. Then came troubles with its neighbor, Belgium.

The rulers of Holland were not strong, wise men, seeking the good of the nation, but rather their own pleasures and glorification.

It was not until the reign of William II (1841-1850) that Holland began to recover her old-time vigor. The granting of a new constitution, giving the people almost the freedom and privileges of a republic, did much toward inspiring new hope and courage to the sturdy Dutch.

This brave little country, besides working and watching to keep the sea out of her land, and fighting her enemies in the land, has managed to acquire vast colonial possessions. In all parts of the world she has gained a foothold and has not hesitated to enter the colonial field with nations ten times as large. About the year of 1660, the Dutch controlled the commerce of the world. For a long time Holland was the only country with which Japan would allow any dealing. To-day, the museums and private houses of Holland are rich in all sorts of curios brought from China and Japan.

The commercial supremacy of Holland was secured by a most powerful company, known as the Dutch East India Company. Its object was to secure a monopoly of the trade in the East and to keep up the prices of the great spice trade. This Company seized many large important islands, chief of which are Java, about the size of New York state, and famous the world over for its excellent coffee and sugar; Sumatra,

noted for its great size, 1000 miles long, with an average width of 160 miles, and for its spices, India rubber, gold, tin, coal and lead; and Borneo, larger than our Texas, noted for its spices, tobacco and great forests of valuable wood.

It was the Dutch East India Company who sent Henry Hudson to find a shorter way to the Pacific, with the result that he discovered the river in New York state that now bears his name, and laid claim to large tracts of land on this continent.

When we think of the size of Holland, 12,648 square miles, with a population of little more than five millions—it seems almost incredible that she should be able to control the Dutch East Indies, which cover an area of 736,400 square miles with a population of about 34 millions.

To-day, this little country ranks fourth among the nations of Europe in foreign commerce. Not only is its trade by sea great, but by means of its canals and rivers, chiefly the Rhine, it has a large trade with the interior of Europe.

HOLLAND OF TO-DAY.

In 1890, King William III, the last member of the house of Orange, died and left the throne of Holland to his little daughter Wilhelmina. At this time she was but ten years of age, entirely too young to rule.

Emma, the mother of the young Queen, was appointed as ruler in her little daughter's place. So well did this Queen mother perform her task that Holland was in a better condition when Wilhelmina was crowned than it was when William III died.

Emma, the Queen mother, not only ruled Holland well, but trained and educated her little daughter as the Hollanders wished; in quiet, solid Dutch ways. To this end the mother worked most faithfully, so that Queen Wilhelmina may justly say, with many, many others, "All that I am I owe to my mother."

It is no fun to be a queen girl with a crown waiting for you as soon as you are old enough to wear it. There was not a day in which this girl queen could do as she pleased. No joyous freedom of shouting and racing with other children. When she went riding or driving, instead of laughing and chatting gayly with companions of her own age, she must sit up straight and bow right and left to her loyal subjects, who are ever on the lookout for their loved queen.

No companions of her own age; no one to play with. How would you like this? She was always watched over by an adult, lest some harm should come to her.

It is true, Wilhelmina had ponies to ride and drive; beautiful yachts; silver skates; pretty sleds; dolls by the hundred. But, oh how she longed for just one loving little playmate. Her chief companions were dolls. It is reported, that one day, when playing with them, she said to a naughty doll—

"Now be good and quiet, because if you don't, I will turn you into a queen, and then you will not have any one to play with at all."

On her fourteenth birthday her mother gave her fifty dolls. Do you not think that a beautiful birthday gift? Oh, but you would not care for them, when you learn that each one of these dolls was not dressed in silk, satin or velvet, but in a stiff uniform to represent

soldiers of different rank, that she might learn the different uniforms of the Dutch Army.

To be a king or queen means hard work, and long, long hours must be spent in study. Hours that you give to play, the child who is heir to a throne must give to dry study.

Besides the lessons that other girls learned, Wilhelmina had to study the driest kind of lessons, all about the laws that govern her own country and those of other nations.

Wilhelmina's daily life before her coronation was very simple and regular. "She rose at seven the year round, breakfasted at eight, and at nine promptly commenced her lessons. At half past eleven she went to drive in an open carriage, regardless of the weather. A luncheon with her mother at half past twelve, was followed by another short drive, this time with the Queen Regent or with one of her governesses. On her return, lessons occupied her attention once more until four o'clock, after which time she was free to amuse herself at will until half past six, when dinner was served. At ten o'clock each night, the little queen was in bed as regularly as she was out of it."

Thus she grew to womanhood. And on the 6th of September, 1898, amidst great rejoicings, this girl was crowned Queen of the Netherlands. No monarch since the days of William the Silent, has been so strong in pledges of love and loyalty as this young sovereign.

A pretty feature of her coronation was the gathering of 6,000 homing pigeons from all over the country. The instant she was crowned Queen the doves were re-

leased in the public square to carry to all parts of her kingdom her message of peace and good will.

Wilhelmina was asked "What would you do, if the country was seized by a foreign power?" Her answer was "Cut the dykes." What would Holland be then? Would Holland be worth having? Would any other nation have the courage, the perseverance to restore these dykes, the work of centuries of patient toil and the cost of millions of dollars.

Queen Wilhelmina's country has seen its best day. Holland exists to-day simply because the great powers protect her, just as a big brother looks out for a weaker one. Were the strong countries of Europe to unite they could easily wipe out this brave little nation, reared out of mud and swamp, civilized by Rome, christianized by Ireland, tortured by Spain, oppressed by France, subdued by many powers, but her spirit never crushed.

Holland has the good will and admiration of all. After visiting the country and learning of its past history we must agree with a writer who has said that "There is not a braver, more heroic race than its quiet, passive looking inhabitants. Few nations have excelled it in important discoveries and inventions; none has excelled it in commerce, navigation and learning and science, or set as noble examples in the promotion of education and public charities; and none in proportion to its extent has expended more money and labor upon public works."

TEACHER'S SUPPLEMENT.

A Little Journey to Holland.

The class or travel club has now completed the study of Holland, and is ready for a review. In order to make this interesting and impress the lessons learned, let the work be summed up in the form of an entertainment called

AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING IN HOLLAND.

For this afternoon in Holland invitations may be written by the pupils, or mimeographed or hectographed and carried to friends and parents.

If given as an evening entertainment and illustrated by stereopticon views, handbills may be printed and circulated at least a week beforehand. The following form may be used:

SCHOOL ENTERTAINMENT.

A TRIP TO HOLLAND FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

You are invited by the pupils of the _____ school (or the members of the Travel Class or Club) to spend an evening (or afternoon) in Holland.

The party starts promptly at 1:30 P. M. (or 8 P. M.), _____ the _____. Those desiring to take this trip should secure tickets before the day of departure, as the party is limited. Guides are furnished free.

The proceeds of this entertainment are to be used in the purchase of a library and pictures and stereopticon views for the school.

SUGGESTIONS.

The exercises should be conducted and the talks given by the pupils themselves. Some topic should be selected by each pupil, or assigned to him, and with this topic he should become thoroughly familiar.

Geographies, books of travel, magazine articles and newspapers should be consulted until each pupil has his subject well in hand. He should also, where possible, secure photographs, pictures or ob-

jects with which to illustrate his talk. At its close these should be placed upon a table, or the chalk tray, that visitors may examine them more closely.

If the entertainment is given in the evening, the teacher may be able to use stereopticon views.

These will prove a very great attraction to both pupils and parents, and should be secured if possible. The lantern with oil lamp may be easily operated by the teacher while the pupils give the descriptions of the pictures or give talks about the country.

The lanterns and slides may be rented for the evening or afternoon at reasonable rates, and the cost covered by an admission fee of from ten to twenty-five cents.

A leader or guide may be appointed to make the introductory remarks, and to announce the numbers of the programme.

Other pupils speak of the journey to Holland, the people, industries, scenery and special features of the country, as windmills, dykes, canals, etc.

ROOM DECORATIONS.

The favorite flower of the Hollanders, the tulip, should be given the preference in the room decorations for this occasion. If out of season, procure a few potted plants, and fill jars and vases with good imitations of paper tulips. Potted hyacinths may also be used.

Place a border of tulips across the top of the black board, using colored crayons to secure the natural colors of the flowers. The invitations may also be decorated with these flowers.

In the center of the board write or print the words "Holland, the Land of Dykes and Ditches." Over the words hang a picture of Holland's Queen Wilhelmina, and about it group tiny flags.

To the right of the front board sketch a large windmill; to the left a stork. If possible secure several pieces of Delft porcelain ware,—and place on a small table near the desk. On the picture screens or on the side blackboards place pictures of famous Dutch artists, as Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Franz Hals, and their most famous pictures.

Show pictures of Holstein cattle and a copy of Paul Potter's "Bull."

If possible, secure a Dutch headdress, wooden shoes, and other articles belonging to the costume of the Dutch peasant for the curio table.

Secure a collection of souvenir postal cards from friends, and also of photographs. The Perry and Stoddard pictures may also be added to the collection of pictures.

The industries may be shown by a display of products or articles of Dutch workmanship, madder from Zuland and Friesland, herrings from the Vlaardingen, Edam Cheese, tile or pottery from Delft, tulip or hyacinth bulbs from Haarlem, ginger bread and other articles.

If a prize is to be awarded to the pupil who has done the best month's work, a little tile from Delft, bearing a picture of the Dutch windmill and canal, may be given.

To interest pupils in the commerce of Holland, ask them to make large boats of paper or card board. Then let each pupil select a country that trades with Holland. Paint the name of the chosen port on the vessel. It is now ready for its cargo. The boy who has chosen Borneo, for instance, will load his boat with little boxes that he has made of paper—pill and powder boxes are also good—label each with its contents, as "sago," "coffee," "pepper;" when possible, have the real thing in the box. After the vessel is loaded, it will be taken across the schoolroom to Rotterdam. Here it is unloaded, then reloaded with Holland's products, it is sent back to Borneo. In the same way, other vessels flying flags of various nations, enter Holland's ports.

Tell the story of the circumstance that led to the discovery of the telescope. Two small boys, sons of a spectacle maker of Middleburg, chanced to look through two eye glasses. They noticed that objects seemed nearer them. They called their father's attention to it, and he investigated the matter, with the telescope as a result. Tell them the story of printing and Lawrence Coster.

COSTUMES.

For pupils who take part in the tableaux:

DUTCH BOY.

Dark jacket over a bright vest; knee pants; low shoes and blue woolen stockings; broad soft hat with pointed crown. Dark or fair complexion.

DUTCH FISHER BOY.

Wooden shoes; full breeches, coarse knitted stockings; striped blouse; red tie and cap.

DUTCH PEASANT GIRL.

Dress of blue flannel or cashmere, long skirt, short sleeved waist. Waist laced over a white shirt with short, full sleeves. A large white or colored kerchief may be worn about the neck, crossed over the breast and tucked in at the waist. A fancy white apron, or a large colored one; red stockings and wooden shoes; the hair parted and braided, and a peasant's cap of white muslin or gay silk upon the head. One head-dress is something like a sun bonnet in shape, but narrow in front, and more flaring at the points. Fair faced, flaxen haired pupils to take the part of Dutch children.

AN AFTERNOON IN HOLLAND.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introductory Remarks by guide.
2. Recitation, "Holland."
3. Dykes of Holland.
4. Recitation or Reading, "The Leak in the Dyke."
5. Queer Holland.
6. Recitation, "In Holland," by pupil in costume.
7. Amsterdam.
8. "The people of Holland."
9. Song, "Let Him in Whom Old Dutch Blood Flows."
10. Dutch Homes and Home Life.
11. Recitation, Eugene Field's "Dutch Lullaby."
12. Recitation, "Holland in Winter."
13. Windmills.
14. Recitation, "The Windmill."
15. Song, "The Windmill."
16. Haarlem, the Floral City.
17. Canals.
18. Leyden.
19. The Hague.
20. Delft.
21. Storks.

22. Story, "The Stork," by Hans Andersen.
23. Song, "The Stork."
24. Rotterdam.
25. Recitation, "Rotterdam,"
26. On the Canal.
27. Country Life.
28. The Fisheries of Holland.
29. Tableau, "A Fisher Boy."
30. Recitation, "The Village of Scheveningen."
31. Ancient Holland.
32. Holland To-Day.
33. Holland's Most Famous Artist, Rembrandt.
34. Song, "God and the Fatherland."

SONGS.

National Song, "Let Him in Whom Old Dutch Blood Flows."
 "God and the Fatherland," Netherlandish Folksong, in Academy Song Book.

"Skaters' Song," Academy Song Book.

"The Dutchman's Complaint," in the Song Echo.

"The Stork," from Musical Poems.

"Stork, Stork, Stately," from Rounds, Carols and Songs, or Book of Rhymes and Tunes. "The Mill," The Mocking Bird."
 "The Old Mill," Fountain Song Book, No. 1.

STORIES. (TO BE READ OR TOLD).

"The Troublesome Burghers," and "Marlborough at Blenheim," a from Stories of Other Lands, by James Johonnot.

"The Stork," Hans Christian Andersen.

"The Invention of Printing," and "Lawrence Coster," in Baldwin's Fifth Reader.

Dutch Stories, Lippincott's Fifth Reader.

"The Dykes of Holland," Johonnot's Natural History Reader.

"The Relief of Leyden," by John L. Motley, in the Rise of the Dutch Republic.

"The Stork," Johonnot's Natural History Reader.

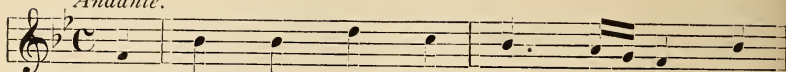
"Holland," Barnes' Fourth Reader or Excelsior Fourth.

"Holland," Lippincott's Fifth Reader.

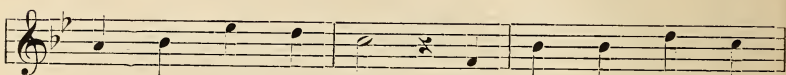
"Holland Hollow," McGuffey's Third.

NATIONAL HYMN OF HOLLAND.

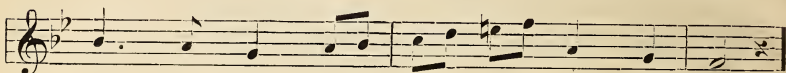
Andante.



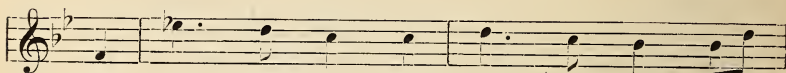
1. Let him in whom old Dutch blood flows, Un -
 2. We broth - ers, true un - to a man, Will
 3. Pre - serve, O God, the dear old ground Thou



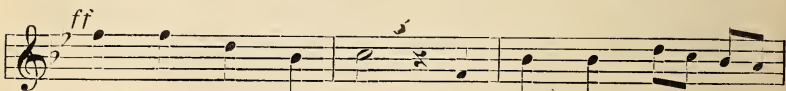
taint - ed, free and strong, Whose heart for Prince and
 sing the old song yet; A - way with him who
 to our fa - thers gave; The land where we a



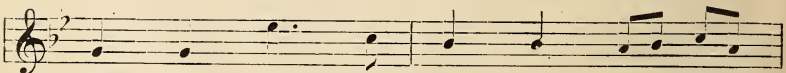
coun - try glows, Now join us in our song;
 ev - er can His Prince or land for - get!
 cra - dle found, And where we'll find a grave!



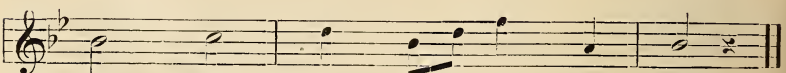
Let him with us lift up his voice, And
 A hu - man heart glowed in him ne'er, We
 We call, O Lord, to Thee on high, As



sing in pa - triot band, The song at which all
 turn from him our hand Who cal - lous hears the
 near death's door we stand, Oh, safe - ty, bless - ing,



hearts re - joice, For Prince and Fa - ther -
 song and pray'r, For Prince and Fa - ther -
 is our cry, For Prince and Fa - ther -



land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
 land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land!
 land, For Prince and Fa - ther - land!

GOD AND FATHERLAND.

NETHERLANDISH FOLKSONG.

f Alla marcia.

1. The man a-glow with pa - triot blood, Who feels no bondman's chain, In
 2. O God who hast Thy throne on high, In glorious maj - es - ty, Be
 3. Pro-tect, O Lord, our country bright; From ill and trouble save; Help

work and war, in field and flood, Chants not in humble strain, But lifts his
 ev - er to Thy children nigh, What time they cry to Thee; And while the
 ns to choose our ru-lers right; Long may our ban-ner wave; Till loud as

glad, triumphant voice, In cho-rus full and grand, And sings: "My soul shall
 praise of an-gel throngs Thou hear'st on ev-'ry hand, Give ear un - to our
 sing Thine angels' host Up-on the gold-en strand, Our songs shall ring from

Cres. ff
 e'er re-joice In God and Fa-ther-land, In God and Fa-ther-land."
 fervent songs For Thee and Fa-ther-land, For Thee and Fa-ther-land.
 coast to coast For God and Fa-ther-land, For God and Fa-ther-land.

POEMS.

Holland, Oliver Goldsmith.

Holland in Winter, J. Thompson.

A Holland Fisherman's Song.

Scheveningen Village, Charles Swain.

Rotterdam, Thomas Hood.

A Dutch Lullaby, Eugene Field.

The Battle of Blenheim, Robert Southey.

The Leak in the Dyke, Phoebe Cary.

The Ride from Ghent to Aix, Robert Browning.

The Windmill, Longfellow.

A Dutch Picture, Longfellow.

To the Stork, “

Recitation or Reading for a small pupil in Dutch costume.

IN HOLLAND.

Good morning to you, one and all,

I've come to make a little call,

And tell as you've been telling me,

Of Holland and the Zuyder Zee.

You've never seen a land like ours,

Where earth is much too wet for flowers,

And where to keep our feet quite dry,

We wear wood shoes, both thick and high.

Our land is very low, you see;

Much lower than the Zuyder Zee,

And so to keep the water out,

We build big dykes all round about.

We build them out of stone and sand,

They almost reach around our land,

And they are big,—yes, even higher

Than our biggest church's spire.

And so our land is like a bowl,

Outside of which the sea doth roll,

And you will think the wet good, too,

When I have told you all we do.

The wet goes into ponds and lakes,
And this the whole of summer makes
The very nicest place to play, —
To swim, and fish and row all day.

In winter too, it's very nice,
For then the water's thick with ice;
And so from early morn till late
Both big and little love to skate.

The wooden shoes I spoke about
Are just for when we're going out.
Indoors we use a lighter pair,
Outdoors our wooden ones we wear.

Our Christmas is a holy day,
We keep it without work or play;
We give no gifts, but feast instead,
And all the poor have nice white bread.

December sixth, —three weeks before
The Christmas, we like even more,
For it is Santa Claus' day,
The best of all, Dutch children say.

Our Santa Claus is real, of course;
He comes behind a snow-white horse;
You hang up stockings Christmas eve,
Our shoes beside the hearth we leave.

We fill them full of oats and hay
So, though he comes from far away,
The white horse will his supper find,
In its place gifts be left behind.

For the good little girls and boys
Sweetmeats and very nicest toys:
For children who have not been good
St. Nicholas always leaves a rod.

We often sing a little song
Hoping no rods to us belong, —

Then open flies the nearest door
 And candies shower upon the floor.
 We scramble quickly for each one,—
 Then look,—Saint Nicholas has gone!
 We leave our shoes, to bed we creep;
 He fills them while we're fast asleep.

Saint Nicholas' Day, then, is the one
 When children have their gifts and fun.
 On Christmas in the church we pray;
 For us it is a holy day.

Sarah Oliphant Coonley

From "Christmas in Other Lands," published by A. Flanagan,
 price 25 cents.

HOLLAND.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies,
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire and usurps the shore.
 While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
 The slow canal, the yellow blossomed vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Oliver Goldsmith.

HOLLAND IN WINTER.

Where the Rhine
 Branched out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming void of care,
 Batavia rushes forth; and as they sweep,

On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along,
The then gay land is maddened to all joy.

James Thompson.

ROTTERDAM.

I gaze upon a city,
A city new and strange,
Down many a watery vista
My fancy takes a range;
From side to side I saunter,
And wonder where I am;
And can you be in England,
And I at Rotterdam?

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England
And I'm in Rotterdam.

Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges
And trees in formal line,
And masts of spicy vessels,
From western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England
But I'm in Rotterdam.

Those sailors, how outlandish
The face and form of each!
They deal in foreign gestures
And use a foreign speech;
A tongue not learned in Isis,
Or studied by the Cam
Declares that you're in England
And I'm at Rotterdam.

And now across a market
 My doubtful way I trace!
 Where stands a solemn statue
 The Genius of the place;
 And to the Great Erasmus
 I offer my salaam;
 Who tells me you're in England,
 But I'm at Rotterdam.

Thomas Hood.

SHEVENINGEN VILLAGE.

A startling sound by night was heard,
 From the Sheveningen coast;
 Like vultures in their clamorous flight,
 Or the trampling of a host.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,
 With harsh and threatening cry;
 Storm was upon the lonely sea!
 Storm on the midnight sky!

The slumberers started up from sleep,
 Like spectres from their graves;
 Then—burst a hundred voices forth;
 "The waves!—the waves! the waves!"

The strong built dykes lay overthrown;
 And on their deadly way
 Like lions came the mighty seas,
 Impatient for their prey!

Like lions came the mighty seas,
 O, vision of despair!—
 Mid ruins of their falling homes,
 The blackness of the air.

Fathers beheld the hastening doom,
 With stern, delirious eye;
 Wildly they looked around for help—
 No help, alas, was nigh.

Mothers stood trembling with their babes
Uttering complaints in vain;
No arm but the Almighty arm,
Might stem that dreadful main!

No mercy, no relapse, no hope, —
That night the tempest-tossed
Saw their paternal homes engulfed, —
Lost! O, forever lost!

Again, the blessed morning light
In the far heavens shone;
But where the pleasant village stood,
Swept the dark floods alone!

Charles Swain.

THE WINDMILL.

Behold! a giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower
With my granite jaws I devour,
The maize, and the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be.
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off from the threshing floors
In barns, with their open doors
And the wind, the wind in my sails
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below
Whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive
My master, the miller stands,
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

Longfellow.

ENTRANCE TO THE ZUYDER ZEE.

The Dutch are going to drive the sea out of Holland. The sea has been a good friend to Holland, and has kept the little country many times from being invaded by the Germans. It has also driven out French and Spanish who have invaded. But now the world looks peacefully at the Dutch, and so the Dutch are going to dismiss the sea from their country. But they reserve unto themselves the eternal possibility of calling it back to their assistance whenever they need it. And when they call the sea will come.

The Zuyder Zee has pushed its way clear into the middle of Holland, and is at present occupying 2,500,000 acres of land that would be good if it were dry. A good part of it is soon to be dried and turned into homesteads for farmers. Some of those who are going to take up homesteads in the new land are those Boers who are neither killed, nor captured, not reconciled by the British. That is, if the English win.

Under order of the State General, and with approval of the Queen, the Dutch engineers are going to start a broad causeway from North Holland to Friesland, straight across the Zuyder Zee. A railroad will run from shore to shore, on the top of this huge dam.

The driving out of the sea will cost in all about \$42,000,000. The work will be completed in about twenty years.

It will reach first from the north Holland shore to the little Island of Wieringen, and thence to the opposite Friesian mainland at Priaam. Its length is thus about twenty-five miles.

This huge dam will have two sluice ways into the sea, and it is by means of these sluices that four large tracts of land in that part of the Zuyder, which is shut in on three sides by the land, and on the fourth by the dam, is to be drained. When the tide in the outer sea is going out, the sluices will be opened and the water within will flow out. But when the tide in the outer sea begins to rise, the sluices will be closed, and the water, which has flowed, will not be allowed to return. In this way the water will be drained off four extensive areas now covered with shallow water, two being in the south and two in the west.

A series of dykes will be built in connection with the work. Of the \$42,000,000 which the entire work is expected to cost, \$24,000,000 will be spent on the dykes and causeway, and \$16,000,000 for drainage works. — *Sel.*

free

REFERENCE BOOKS.

Holland, De Amicis.
Picturesque Holland, Harvard.
Through Holland, Wood.
Land of Dykes and Windmills, by Bird,
Sketching Rambles in Holland, Boughton.
Holland, Hare.
A Farmer's Vacation, Waring.
Brave Little Holland.
Holland and Scandinavia, Hare.
Hans Brinker, M. M. Dodge.

PERRY PICTURES FOR HOLLAND.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1630. The University, Leyden. | 721. Elizabeth Bas. |
| 1631. Canal and Houses. | 722. Saskia. |
| 1632. Prairie and Windmils. | 723. The Anatomy Lesson. |
| 1633. Windmill. | 726. The Ship Builder and His |
| 3325. Canal in Holland. | Wife. |
| 3007. Thorwaldsen. | 731. The Apple Parer, by Terburg. |
| 711. The Singing Boy, Rembrandt. | 738 Cattle, by Paul Potter. |
| 712. Man Sharpening His Pen. | 739. The Bull. |
| 716. Portrait of an Old Woman. | 741. The Prairie. |
| 718. The Night Watch. | 746. Landscape, by Van Der Velde. |
| 719. The Mill. | 747. Dutch Ships of War. |
| 720. Rembrandt's Mother. | 751. Landscape, the Mill, Habbema. |

STODDARD PICTURES.

Beach of Scheveningen.
Dutch Windmills.
Rotterdam, Holland.

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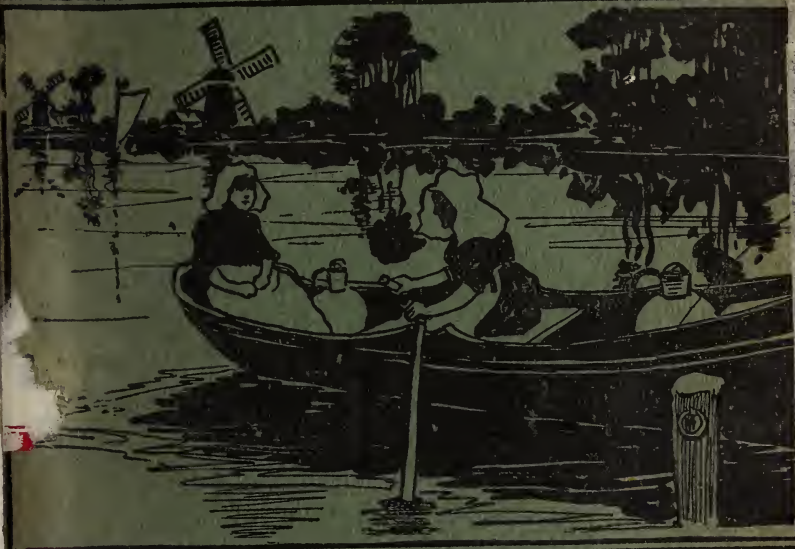
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MARCH, 1902

No. 2

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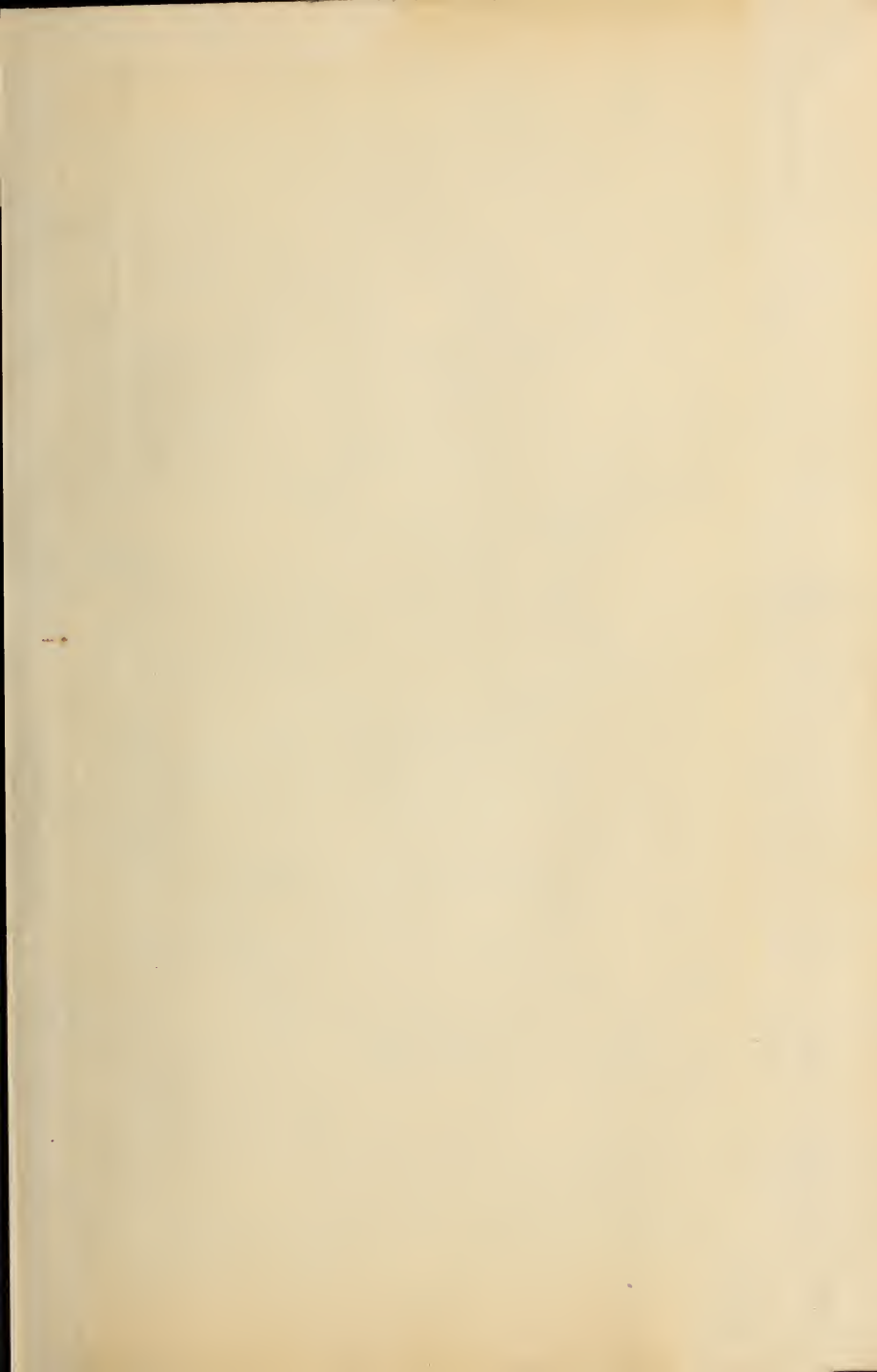
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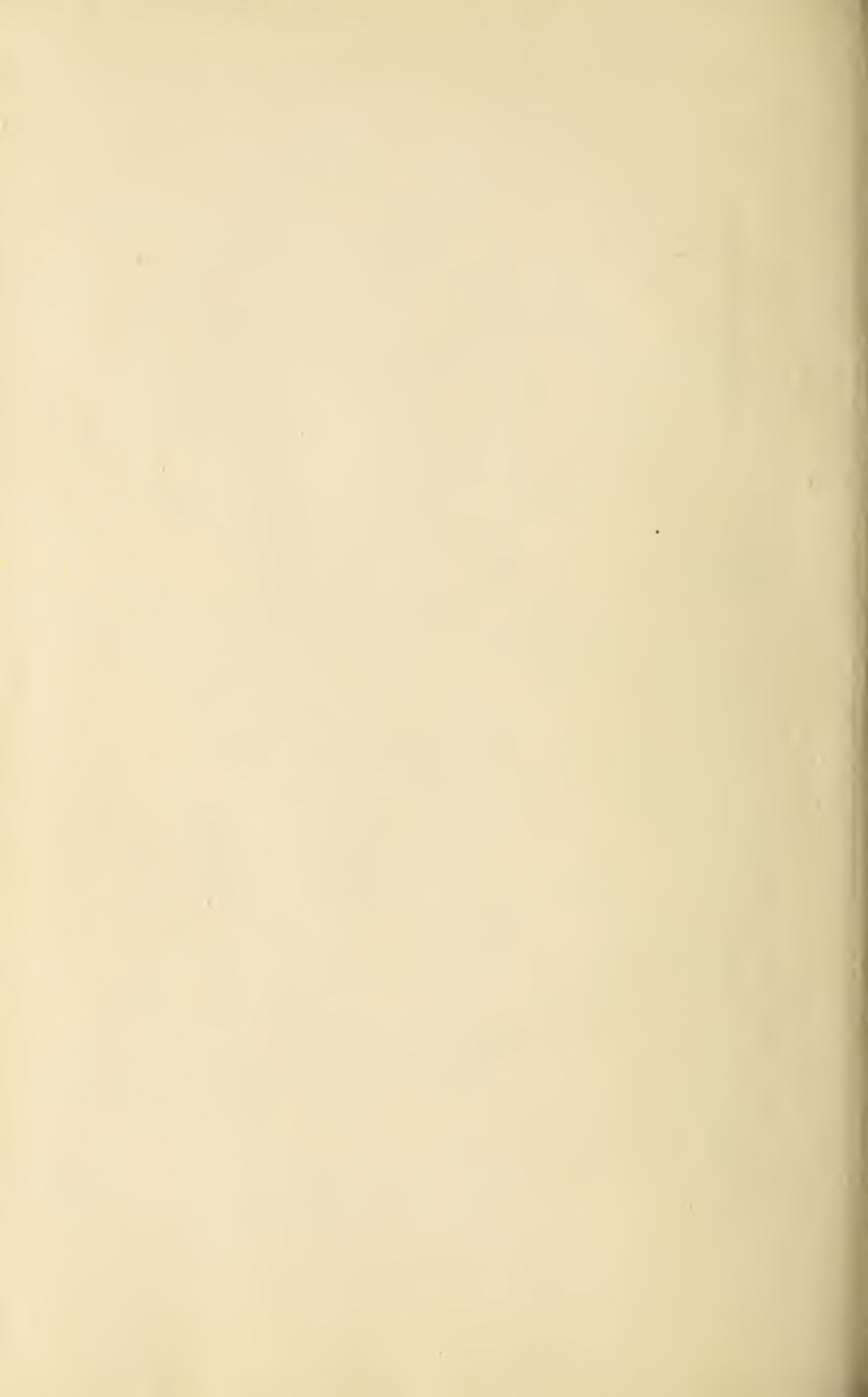
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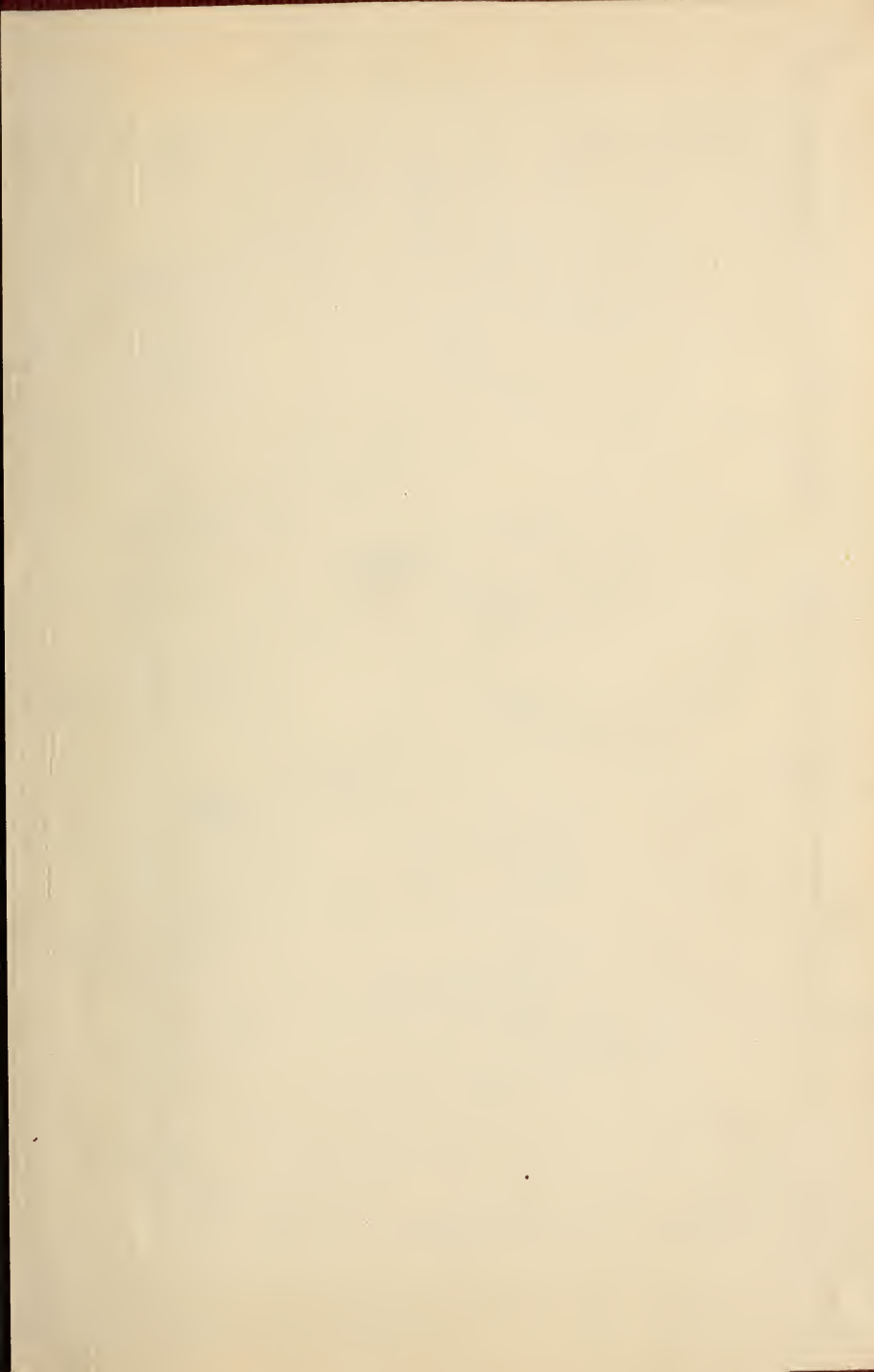
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